

# The Nation

VOL. XL.—NO. 1021.

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## CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

THE WEEK.....	63
SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.....	66
EDITORIAL ARTICLES:	
The Electoral Count.....	68
Private Ownership of Forests.....	68
Catholic Reaction in Mexico.....	69
The Might-Have-Been Old Age of Byron.....	69
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE:	
Tolstol's 'Peace and War'.....	70
CORRESPONDENCE:	
Mr. Kasson's Thanksgiving Toast.....	71
The Elliot Family.....	71
Voluntary Memory.....	72
Army Commissions.....	72
Nightgown and Schlafrock.....	72
Henry Lawrence Fustia.....	72
The Acadians Agail.....	73
NOTES.....	73
REVIEWS:	
Euphorion.....	76
Sofferino and Sicily.....	77
Some Recent Works on Geology.....	79
The Crociles of Louisiana.....	79
Letters of the Rev. J. B. Mozley, D.D.....	80
La Navarre Française.....	80
A Skeleton Outline of Greek History.—A Skeleton Outline of Roman History.....	81
BOOKS OF THE WEEK.....	81
FINE ARTS:	
The Watts Exhibition.—IV.....	81

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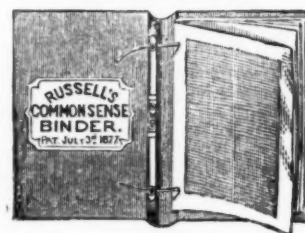
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# The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1885.

## The Week.

MR. EVARTS has been elected Senator by the unanimous vote of the members of his party in the Legislature. He is very much pleased with his victory, and he has great reason to be. All the intriguers of his party—Platt, Conkling, Cornell, and other faction-workers—were against him, but he has won because the masses of the party made themselves felt in his behalf. In fact, his selection is the result of one of those uprisings of popular sentiment for which New York State is peculiar. The Republicans of the State saw in the efforts to secure Mr. Morton's nomination a combined movement to fasten upon the party management the grip of a new machine, which should control the nomination for Governor next November, and "run" the organization in the interest of a clique of politicians until the next Presidential campaign; and they no sooner saw this than they resolved to thwart it by the election of Mr. Evarts. Their action is a fresh and most gratifying assurance that the day for "bosses" has passed in New York. There is nothing for Messrs. Platt, Cornell & Co. to do but retire from politics. Our opinion of Mr. Evarts's qualifications for the Senatorship is well known, and has not been changed by his success. The non-factional aspect of his election is ample compensation for all defects in his temperament and character, and we rejoice in believing that in nominating him his party has taken a long step away from threatening dissolution. The nomination of Mr. Morton, if it had come after the discreditable outcome of the Speakership contest, would have been an almost fatal blow to the prospects of the party in the next election. It would have driven away the Independent voters and made the State surely Democratic.

The prompt and almost unanimous passage of the bill in the Senate to put General Grant on the retired list of the army, was an act of public justice, gratifying to national pride and commensurate with the national dignity. Recent events have revealed General Grant to the hearts of his countrymen in a condition of mental and physical distress brought about by a trusting and over-credulous nature, and bearing a load grievous and humiliating in the last degree. Mr. Vanderbilt's generosity, while it might relieve General Grant's pecuniary embarrassment, could not make him in the estimation of himself or others anything but a pensioner upon a private individual. Such a position, for one who had commanded the Union armies in the greatest crisis of our history, would have been intolerable to himself, to his contemporaries, and to posterity. It would have been as shameful to the nation as it was creditable to the individual who had voluntarily assumed the entire burden. Mr. Vanderbilt's act would have linked his own name with that of General Grant in the pages of history, but at the expense of the American people. It was and is necessary that the public should assume this burden, if it can be called

a burden; but it ought to be esteemed rather a privilege to rescue General Grant from the position in which the unexampled frauds of one man and the unexampled liberality of another have placed him. The action of the Southern Senators upon this bill, following so closely upon the Jeff Davis debate, was nothing less than a grand political stroke.

The bill seems likely to fail in the House through President Arthur's extraordinary conduct in vetoing the Fitz-John Porter bill, on constitutional grounds, when the truth was that he had signed many similar bills, and only vetoed this one because he did not like it. For this the Democrats are now revenging themselves. It is human, but it is bad politics. There is no greater mistake in party warfare in the long run than to give tit for tat. Temporary success is sometimes achieved in this way, but to win popular confidence, there is nothing like doing the right thing every time, no matter how often the other side does the wrong thing.

The letter of Mr. Charles Francis Adams, President of the Union Pacific Railroad, to the Government directors of that corporation, tells us that the company has made no proposition to the Government for a modification of the Thurman Act, but is merely an interested spectator of the proceedings which may be instituted by Congress, in obedience to the suggestions of the executive branch of the Government, to change the requirements of that act. It is a great relief to those charged with the duty of looking after the Government's interests to know that there are no sinister influences at work, and that they are dealing with a man whose word can be relied on. Nobody can really believe that Mr. Adams means anything different from what he says, or that he conceals anything which it is important that the public should know in order to arrive at an intelligent understanding of the business. It is safe to say that the company will get much better terms through square dealing than could possibly be obtained if chicanery and duplicity were lurking in the background. When Mr. Adams says that the company are proposing nothing, but are waiting the action of the Government, not omitting to give their own views, but yet intending to pay the Government what is justly due to it in the way which may be determined by lawful authority, there is no room for suspicions of any sort. Mr. Adams is bound to do the best for his company within the limitations of honor. His name is sufficient assurance that these limitations will be observed. The policy which Mr. Adams would like to have adopted by the Government is that of allowing the company to acquire its natural growth by applying its surplus earnings to the building of branch lines, and taking these branch lines as additional security for the existing debt. This is the best thing for the company, and it may be the best thing for the Government, but it is open to the objection that it makes the Government a partner in a new railroad enterprise of undefined extent.

This has a political as well as a financial aspect. The question is not merely one

of dollars and cents. It involves a policy which can only be defended upon the ground that something worse may happen. Taking the existing branch lines so far as the title to them is still in the Union Pacific Company—that is, so far as the bonds have not passed into the hands of private investors—is one thing. Laying out new lines to be treated in the same way is a different thing, and is not the kind of work for which our Government was intended, or is at present equipped. Very substantial reasons should be given for making such a precedent. The important question for Congress to ask is this: Within what period can the Union Pacific Company repay the money which it owes the Government without impairing the original security and without impairing the property? Impairment of the property is impairment of the security, and it is quite certain that the property would be impaired if the stockholders should lose all interest in it through failure to receive any returns from it. It is for the Government's interest that it should not become a mere football of speculation. The debt will be collected, if at all, by securing the most diligent attention and the best talent and the highest integrity that can be obtained for its management and operation. These requisites are not usually obtainable by broken-down railroads, and the class of speculators who commonly pick up such properties do not always seek such qualifications in their managers. There being no fund from which the debt can be paid except the property itself and what it can be made to yield, the policy of conservation is indispensable, and we think that Mr. Adams is right in holding that conservation implies necessarily some return to the shareholders upon their investments. What this shall be in amount must be determined by the net earnings and the other facts of detail in the case.

The Rev. Dr. Van Dyke and Henry Ward Beecher discuss the question whether "clergymen shall be politicians" in the new number of the *North American Review*. Dr. Van Dyke answers decidedly not. He says that the clergyman in politics—as a clergyman, he it understood—is "injurious"; that "when he attempts to lead the church, as a religious organization, into the train of any candidate for office, he is doing a great and irreparable harm to the cause of religion." He intimates, moreover, very broadly that there were too many clergymen in politics in the late campaign, and that, as their numbers increase, "party discipline will teach them to condone immoralities on their own side and repeat slanders against the other side. A lack of worldly experience, combined with a professional habit of rhetorical statement, will produce an *odium politicum*, compared with which the traditions of the extinct *odium theologicum* will seem like the stories of the golden age."

Mr. Beecher makes a distinction between Catholic and Protestant Episcopal ministers on the one hand, and ministers of the other denominations on the other. The former should keep out of politics because they cannot divest

themselves in the eyes of their parishioners of their sacerdotal character. But the clergy of other denominations, having no sacerdotal character, and being simply citizens with a teaching function, should teach good politics as well as other good things from the pulpit. But he prudently adds, that "as a general thing instruction from the pulpit on political duty should not be given on the eve of an election." For our part we think that as political duty for the citizen consists almost wholly in the choice of candidates at election, political duty can hardly be taught from the pulpit at all. Political duty is really not distinguishable in the forum of morals from other duty. It is every man's moral duty to vote for the candidate whom he honestly thinks the best; but the considerations which determine which is the best candidate are often not moral considerations at all, but historical or economical, or purely political, and a minister in nine cases out of ten is no better judge of them than anybody else. The two articles in the *Review* are interesting, but they skim very lightly over the question under discussion.

A flood of light is thrown upon the queer condition of journalistic morality in Cincinnati by a furious quarrel over the Sheriff's advertising. One of the lesser fruits of the great Blaine victory in Ohio in October was the election of the Republican candidate for Sheriff in Hamilton County, or Cincinnati. He was supported with great fervor by the *Commercial Gazette*. On taking office, however, the Sheriff bestowed the advertising in his gift upon the Democratic organ, the *Enquirer*. The *Commercial Gazette* says that in doing this he has "betrayed his friends," and "sold his office to the *Enquirer* gang," and "has received a little dirty money for doing it." In order to reveal the extent of his "perfidy," the *Commercial Gazette* publishes a formal contract signed by the Sheriff on the eve of election, promising, in case he is elected, to give the advertising to the *Commercial Gazette*; it publishes also a formal affidavit by the Sheriff, made a few days before election, denying as an "unmitigated lie" a rumor that he had made a similar contract with the *Enquirer*. The *Commercial Gazette* admits that its faith in its own contract with the Sheriff was so strong that it "disbelieved the charges which he has proven were true," and supported him, though "he could have been beaten with a paragraph." Aside from the revelation that both these organs of public opinion were supporting a candidate, not on account of his fitness for office, but because of private contracts, for benefits to be bestowed after election, the Sheriff's "perfidy" is instructive as furnishing additional evidence of the peculiar attitude of the *Enquirer* toward the Democratic party in the late Presidential campaign. The general belief that it had a "contract" of some kind with the Blaine managers for the defeat of Cleveland, will be strengthened by this evidence of its relation to the Republican ticket in October.

The late Mr. Colfax filled a very considerable place during the most stirring period of our history. He was not a strong, but an exceedingly nimble man. He attained to the Speaker-

ship and the Vice-Presidency by virtue of remarkable alertness of intellect, joined to indefatigable industry and an accommodating nature which made neither enemies nor lasting friends, but which fitted him to receive blows without emotion, and to return them without animosity. Among the members of the House during his Speakership there were many abler men than himself—Stevens, Winter Davis, Garfield, Conkling, Blaine, Washburne. He was the senior in service of most of these, and he had acquired a mastery of parliamentary law which often gives to second-rate men a first-rate importance. His seniority caused him to be deferred to, his knowledge of procedure made him useful, and his suppleness, nimbleness, and unvarying good nature made him popular with his fellow-members. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, his competitor for the Speakership after Mr. Grow's term had expired, had no more chance than a Spanish galleon of the Armada against an English gunboat. What Mr. Colfax lacked in calibre he more than made up in rapidity of action, and his victory in that contest was never doubtful. The same resources availed him in his next considerable encounter, with Senator Wade, of Ohio, for the Vice-Presidency in the Chicago Convention of 1868. As the colleague of General Grant, he brought his full measure of popularity and his full share of resources to the campaign of that year. In 1872 he allowed himself to be flattered with the idea that he might receive the nomination for the Presidency, and thus allowed the second place on the ticket to be taken by Henry Wilson. Then the *Crédit-Mobilier* investigation came on, and he retired to private life. Dropping the veil over this episode, it may be said that Mr. Colfax held the foremost rank among the second-rate men of his time. He did not rank with Lincoln, Seward, Sumner, or with certain of his contemporaries still living, but he outranked the multitude who served with him, and secured a distinct place in history.

Mr. Clarkson has been shown Mr. St. John's last denial of the charge of seeking to sell out to the Republicans, and pronounces it "more a confession than a contradiction," and says he "deals in quibbles, and craftily evades the main facts," and challenges him to bring a libel suit in an earthly tribunal, where the whole affair can be thoroughly sifted. This is a reference to Mr. St. John's expressed desire to have the matter investigated at the judgment day. We regret to see, however, that Mr. Clarkson is unconscious of the figure which he and Mr. Elkins cut in the matter, according to his own story. They seem to have entered into bona-fide negotiations with St. John, to pay him for perpetrating in the Blaine interest a gross fraud, both on the Prohibitionists and Republicans. He was, for instance, to be paid for inserting the following bit of cant and hypocrisy in his Ohio speeches:

"It is now evident to every one that either Blaine or Cleveland is sure to be elected President. It is time for every lover of his country to stop and ask himself what his duty is in such a situation. Blaine represents whiskey and loyalty; Cleveland, whiskey and disloyalty. As between whiskey and loyalty and whiskey and disloyalty, I am for whiskey and loyalty every time."

Of course, the Prohibitionist who would utter

such stuff for pay would be a degraded person, but what kind of men would they be who would pay him for doing it, while maintaining a champion at their headquarters to keep them "in line with the religious sentiment of the country"?

It appears to be a part of the regular business of the protectionists in the United States to attempt to frighten people by circulating the most ridiculous stories respecting the doings of the Cobden Club. The last one that is travelling the rounds of the press is, that the Club issued, during the recent Presidential campaign, in aid of the Democratic party, 1,000,000 leaflets entitled "New York Campaign Documents." We stand ready to pay a handsome reward to any one who will produce one copy of any such leaflet issued by or bearing the imprint of the Club. This yarn would seem to be the natural growth, acquired in time and by travelling, of a statement made by the Hon. Thos. H. Dudley, in a lecture on the Cobden Club, delivered at Astoria, L. I., "to a large assemblage of farmers and artisans," in October last, and reported in the *Tribune*. As reported, the statement was as follows: "That foreign club cannot rest until the United States are subdued, and they are at work subduing us. I repeat, they have their agents all over this country, and that they have distributed 700,000 copies of their circulars here." At this meeting Mr. Dudley read for the edification of his hearers (according to the *Tribune's* report) from a book entitled "Special Report from the Club for the Members Alone." As no such book or report was ever made or published, we should be pleased if Mr. Dudley would rise and explain. And if he is an honest man, he will make haste to do so.

Mr. Abram S. Hewitt said very truly, in the debate on the McPherson Bank Bill, that there had really been no contraction of the currency during the past year. What has really contracted during the period of depression has been the demand for currency. To all intents and purposes the currency has been enlarged rather than diminished in volume since the beginning of 1892. Everybody knows that when prices are declining, less and less money is needed to do business with than when prices are advancing. It is true, also, that when business is dull and profits are unsatisfactory, money accumulates in the banks and lies there, either unused or loaned at very low rates of interest, as is the case now. It is entirely misleading to infer at such times that currency contraction is going on, merely because the statistics of the Treasury Department show that more bank notes have been surrendered for cancellation than have been taken out for circulation. The McPherson bill, allowing the issue of notes up to the par value of the security bonds, is in our view unobjectionable, but it is not now necessary to pass any measure to prevent contraction of the currency. The only contraction which hurts anybody at present is the contraction of business, and this is not to be cured by swapping bonds or by multiplying bits of paper.

A correspondence between Bishops Lee and Potter contains an interesting discussion of the



vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience taken before the latter by two members of the so-called "Order of the Holy Cross." Nobody who reads it will doubt that Bishop Potter has by far the best of the argument, and has in fact produced a very masterly vindication of his action. In fact, we never could see what objection there was to any man's taking such a vow as an assistance to him in work among the poor, except that similar vows have been taken and are now taken by persons in the Catholic Church who lead lives which Protestants consider idle or trivial, or for the simple purpose of what is called "saving their souls." The practical view of the matter in our day would seem to be that any man who thinks that he can do good work better by taking a vow of some sort of self-denial, does well to take it, with whatever solemnities he thinks necessary. Any one, on the contrary, who thinks he can do good work without a vow, had better let it alone. The hostility excited by the vows in the present case is the odder because there are many Protestant sisterhoods under vows. All ministers, soldiers, and married men, too, are under public vows, and so are a great number of abstainers from alcoholic drinks. Doubtless the number of persons who are living under some kind of secret vows is very large. In fact, no vows of self-denial have thus far proved dangerous to society that were not perpetual, that did not involve complete abandonment of all share in the work of the world, and that did not help to build up rich corporations.

Mr. Bangs delivered a severe tirade on Monday in court on the obstruction offered to the administration of justice by the press, which he accused of terrorizing both witnesses and counsel, sometimes by eulogy and sometimes by caricature and abuse. Part of what he said appeared to be intended to be humorous, but there is some truth behind it all. The press has become a terror to a great many unoffending people, and has made publicity of any kind a fearful thing for the nervous or timid, mainly through the immense development of what we may call the irresponsibility of reporters. A generation ago, editorial attacks on or ridicule of private individuals were far commoner than they are now. At present few respectable papers ever indulge in them. The editorial page has become much more sober and self-restrained than it used to be. But during the last twenty years the rôle of the reporter has been greatly enlarged. He does a great deal of purely descriptive writing, and makes a great deal of interesting discussion pass through his mind in the shape of interviews. But the editorial hold on him has apparently grown weaker as his function has grown wider. There appears to be but little editorial censorship exercised over his contributions in any city paper as long as he manages to be amusing. Accordingly he distorts, caricatures, invents, and colors almost at pleasure. He is hardly ever called to account unless he brings on a libel suit. Much of this enormous power over the comfort of individuals, too, is put into the hands of very young men, who are allowed to cultivate freely, wherever they go, the art, not of amusing description, but of amusing caricature. Everything called reporting now

takes or tends to take this form. The proceedings in important law cases are served up in the same kind of burlesque as a street fight or a row at a ward meeting. The evil is great, and tends to become greater, and ought to be checked.

The Legislature of Georgia during its past session provided employment for women for which they are quite as well fitted as men, and in so doing has set an example which, we predict, will be promptly followed by other Southern States. Heretofore the clerk of the Lower House of the Legislature of Georgia (who, it should be said, does all of its clerical work at a contract price, and employs his own assistants), has at every session engaged about eight or ten male clerks at a salary of \$2 50 or \$3 a day, to do the necessary engrossing. He was directed by a resolution passed at the late session to employ women for this work. As the movement was one which he favored, he doubtless took pains to secure as clerks not only deserving women, but skilful copyists, and the result is that Governor McDaniel is much pleased with the appearance of the bills engrossed by them, sent to him to be signed, and finds in them fewer clerical errors than in any heretofore submitted to him. It is not improbable that this may be the means by which women in the South, compelled to earn a living, and having hitherto only a choice between school teaching and keeping a boarding-house, may obtain an abundant admission to places of profit under State governments. There has been little or no demand made by them, it is true, for situations of this kind. The resolution referred to was passed by the Georgia Legislature purely on its own motion. It had received no petitions from women, it had not been appealed to by the press, and it had no instances laid before it of a similar step having been taken by other States.

The increasing radicalism of Mr. Chamberlain's speeches on the land question makes it plain that he is looking to Mr. Gladstone's retirement in the near future, and a reorganization of parties when the next Parliament, elected by the new voters, meets, which will be probably in the spring of 1886. The Redistribution Bill will be finally passed when Parliament meets in February, and then the work of registration and of fixing the boundaries of the new constituencies will be begun, in preparation for a general election in the fall of this year. The most powerful element in the new vote will be the agricultural laborers, whose condition has for centuries been the disgrace of English society, and Mr. Chamberlain is evidently determined to secure their adhesion in advance for a party which perhaps has as yet no name, but of which he will be the head. In listening to Chamberlain, the Tories who used to abuse Gladstone so bitterly are probably beginning to look on the latter as a strong tower of defence.

We have not received for a good while an odder piece of news than the cable story that Schotz, the German sculptor, who was the principal witness in the libel suit brought by an English sculptor, Belt, last winter, against another named Lawes, has confessed perjury.

The case occupied the courts for many weeks, and ended in a verdict of £5,000 against Lawes for having said that Belt's works were not his own, but were done for him. There was a fearful amount of directly contradictory testimony. Lawes, to avoid payment of the damages, had himself declared a bankrupt, and during the bankruptcy proceedings Schotz has confessed that he and Belt and another man had entered into a conspiracy to bring the suit for the sake of the damages, and that he (Schotz) was the real author of Belt's works. Lawes was well known not to have money, but he had a rich father, who, it was thought, would pay. This confession is the oddest part of the affair, because it was apparently unnecessary, and Schotz will now be prosecuted and punished. He is evidently venal, but it is hard to see where he would get sufficient compensation for a term of penal servitude. As an illustration of the condition of morals in "art circles" in London, it is an extraordinary affair. If Schotz's confession be true, it shows that a man may enjoy considerable reputation and extensive patronage for years as a sculptor in one of the greatest "art centres" in the world, while in reality nothing but a fraudulent vender of other men's work.

Edmund Yates's appeal against his sentence was on a technicality, his point being that he was prosecuted for criminal libel without the consent of the Attorney General, which a recent act of Parliament has made necessary. The question before the Court was whether this consent was necessary for a criminal information filed in the Queen's Bench, as well as for an indictment by the Grand Jury. The decision has gone against him, and so he has gone to jail. There appears to be more or less sympathy for him among his brethren of the press, but none at all in "society," which suffers from papers like his, but nevertheless feeds on them greedily, and in fact maintains them. He gave up the writer of the libel, Lady Stradbroke, whom the exposure has ruined, and made all the atonement in his power in the way of apology; so that he is really suffering rather as a warning and example to society papers than as a real culprit. As he is to be a "first-class misdeedant"—that is, deprived of nothing but his liberty—the punishment is not severe, and will be considerably mitigated by the service it will render his paper as an advertisement.

The cable despatch from London about the excitement in English official circles over a threat of Turkey to send troops to occupy Suakin, is absurd on its face. Turkey has no troops, and no money, and no ships for any foreign expedition. Moreover, the notion that reinforcements are being despatched to Egypt to resist her, is ridiculous. In case Turkey announced any such plan as is ascribed to her, and England were determined to oppose it, the British Ambassador at Constantinople would simply inform the Porte that the despatch of an expedition to Egypt would not be permitted, and there the matter would end. The reason it would end there is, that the British fleet would capture or sink it before it left Turkish waters.

## SUMMARY OF THE WEEK'S NEWS.

(WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14, TO TUESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1885 inclusive.)

## DOMESTIC.

In the United States Senate on Wednesday, Senator Edmunds called up his bill by which General Grant is to be appointed by the President to the retired list of the army, with full rank and pay of General or General-in-Chief (\$13,500). Warm tributes to General Grant were paid by the Southern Senators Maxey, Jonas, George, Jones, of Florida, and Voorhees. Senator Cockrell (Dem., Mo.) spoke against the bill. Mr. Edmunds was the only Senator on the Republican side who found it necessary to speak on the measure. It was passed by a vote of 49 to 9, the negative votes being Democratic.

The House Committee on Military Affairs on Friday voted to call up in the House the Grant Retirement Bill first introduced in the Senate, and not the one which passed it on January 14. This was done to put President Arthur in an inconsistent light on the Fitz-John Porter veto if he should sign the Grant Bill, which is open to the same technical objection.

During the debate on the Inter-State Commerce Bill in the Senate on Friday, Senator Van Wyck (Rep., Neb.) made a long speech in which he severely criticised Messrs. Allison, Ingalls, Sewell, and Morgan, for their kindly feeling toward railway corporations. A running debate followed, in which Messrs. Ingalls, Allison, and Crown replied to Mr. Van Wyck's criticisms. An adjournment was then taken without a vote on the bill.

In the House on Thursday the McPherson Funding Bill, by which national banks are to be allowed to issue notes to the full amount of their bond reserve, came up under a special order. In the midst of the discussion an adjournment was taken by a vote of 180 to 112. While this was in no sense a test vote on the McPherson bill, it operated as a virtual defeat of that measure, as the special order for discussion on a fixed day is not a continuing order. Congressman Potter has issued a card asserting that the onus of preventing remedial national bank legislation must rest upon the friends of the McPherson bill, who, when it became evident that their bill could not pass, refused to consent to a consideration of the Potter Refunding Bill.

The bill referring the French Spoliation Claims to the Court of Claims has passed both houses of Congress and will be approved by the President. These claims have been before Congress for many years, and in 2,563 cases amount to \$7,300,000.

Secretary McCulloch on Friday transmitted to the House of Representatives a draft of a bill prepared by the Commissioner of Internal Revenue to amend the law relating to the entry of distilled spirits, in distillery and special bonded warehouses, and the withdrawal of the same therefrom. The bill provides that the tax on all distilled spirits hereafter entered for deposit in distillery warehouses, or in special bonded warehouses, or remaining in such warehouses at the time of the passage of the act, shall be payable before and at the time the same are withdrawn therefrom, except in cases of withdrawals without the payment of tax as now or hereafter authorized by law. The Secretary recommends the immediate passage of the bill as tending to relieve the present business depression.

The House Committee on Rivers and Harbors on Wednesday completed its bill, with the exception of the item making an appropriation for the Hennepin Canal and one or two items for small rivers. The sum appropriated is over \$6,000,000.

Judge William A. Richardson, of the Court of Claims, was on Thursday nominated by President Arthur to be Chief Justice of the court in place of Mr. Drake, resigned. To

fill the place made vacant by Mr. Richardson's promotion the President has named Mr. John Davis, Assistant Secretary of State, and son-in-law of Secretary Frelinghuysen.

President Arthur has nominated Carroll D. Wright, of Massachusetts, to be Commissioner of Labor.

The Senatorial canvass at Albany assumed a new phase on Wednesday, when the politicians began seriously to consider the make-up of Speaker Erwin's committees which had been announced on the previous evening. It was found that they had been made entirely in the interests of Mr. Morton, and with utter disregard to propriety or efficiency. A number of members of the Legislature, who had previously been for Morton for Senator, came out for Mr. Evarts. The appearance of ex-Governor Cornell at Albany personally to further the Morton campaign added to the unpopularity of that candidate. Mr. Evarts's friends were elated, and confidently predicted his nomination by the Republican caucus.

At midnight of Thursday the withdrawal of Congressman Hiscock, of this State, from the Senatorial contest was formally announced at Albany, and caused additional uneasiness to the Morton managers, who saw that the eight supporters of Mr. Hiscock would go to Mr. Evarts. In Mr. Hiscock's letter of withdrawal, he expressed the opinion that for him to continue in the canvass would be unprofitable for New York and the Republican party. Floods of Evarts petitions were presented in both houses of the Legislature on Friday, and the tide was strongly setting in his favor. Both houses adjourned early in the day until Monday. A little after noon the Morton men were again startled by the announcement that Gen. Leslie W. Russell had withdrawn from the contest in favor of Mr. Evarts.

The Republican legislative caucus on Monday night voted for an open ballot, 64 to 28. It then nominated William M. Evarts for United States Senator by a vote of 61 for him to 28 for L. P. Morton and 3 for Chauncey M. Depew. The Democrats held a caucus on Tuesday morning, and nominated as their candidate for Senator ex-Mayor Edward Cooper, of this city, the vote being: Cooper 28, Pulitzer 21, William E. Smith 2, Hewitt 3, Jacobs 1. At noon the Senate took the first formal steps toward the election of a successor to Senator E. G. Lapham. Each Senator rose in his place as the roll was called and announced his choice. Nineteen Republicans voted for William M. Evarts, and thirteen Democrats voted for Edward Cooper. At the same hour the Assembly balloted for United States Senator with the following result: William M. Evarts 73, Edward Cooper 52. Mr. Evarts was thus elected. The result is announced at a joint session of both houses.

At a caucus of the Republican members of the Pennsylvania Legislature on Thursday night, in Harrisburg, after a session of four hours, J. Donald Cameron was renominated for United States Senator. There were fifty opposition votes.

The Republican members of the Connecticut Legislature have renominated United States Senator Platt, and as they are in the majority he will be elected. Senator Vance has been renominated by the Democrats of North Carolina, and Senator Ingalls by the Republicans of Kansas. Both will be elected.

The first annual report of the New York State Dairy Commissioner was sent to the Senate on Thursday. It says that, owing to the prosecutions instituted by the Commissioner and his assistant, 75 per cent. of the sales of spurious butter in this State, as compared with 1883, have been suppressed. Sixty arrests have been made, eleven convictions secured, forty persons are under indictment or have elected to be tried by special session.

The Court of Appeals of this State handed down a decision on Tuesday declaring the Tenement-house Cigar Bill unconstitutional.

Mayor Grace, of this city, has appointed E. Henry Lacombe Corporation Counsel for the term expiring May 1, 1889.

There was great excitement in the iron trade on Thursday afternoon when it became known that the prominent Pittsburgh firms of Oliver Bros. & Phillips and the Oliver & Roberts Wire Company had issued the following card to their creditors: "We are to-day compelled to suspend payments, and purpose calling immediately a meeting of those interested, to whom we believe we can show assets amply sufficient, with some indulgence, to pay every dollar of our liabilities." H. W. Oliver, the head of the firm, is noted in the iron trade for his business ability and energy. He was a member of the Tariff Commission. His firm owned three iron mills employing 1,500 men. The explanation of the failure is that the firm attempted to do too much business for the amount of their capital, and when a dull season came they had no reserve to fall back on. Their liabilities are estimated at \$5,000,000. The trade in other cities was not seriously affected.

At a meeting of the creditors on Tuesday Mr. H. W. Oliver, jr., presented a statement, proposing to pay all claims by notes maturing one each year for five years, one-fifth at each payment, each note to bear 6 per cent. interest from the date when the claims are respectively due. A committee of the creditors reported favorably on the proposals, and it was decided not to take final action until January 29. The greatest harmony prevailed, and there was a general disposition to grant the five years' extension asked.

Late on Thursday afternoon the well-known banking firm of John J. Cisco & Son, of this city, made an assignment. It was after hours, and much excitement and alarm on Wall Street was thus avoided. The failure was primarily due to a great depreciation of Houston and Texas Central Railroad bonds, of which \$500,000 worth were held by the firm. Rumors affecting the standing of the firm had been circulated for ten days, and worked them great injury. Their liabilities to depositors are about \$2,000,000, and they also owe about \$1,200,000 in secured loans. Stocks fell on Friday 1 or 2 per cent. in consequence of this failure, but it had no alarming effect on the market. The firm of John J. Cisco & Son was founded by the late John J. Cisco in 1864. Since his death, in March last, the firm has been composed of John A. Cisco and Frederick W. Foote, who was formerly a confidential clerk.

The Pennsylvania Railroad on Saturday announced a cut in emigrant rates (confined to those persons reaching New York and Philadelphia by ocean steamer), by which the fare was reduced to \$1 from those cities to Chicago, St. Louis, and Cincinnati. This move was made necessary by the action of the Erie Railway, the New York Central, the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, and the West Shore Companies in adopting reduced emigrant rates without consultation with the Pennsylvania Company, and in direct violation of the rules governing the emigrant pool. With the reduction in the rate of steamer passage by the transatlantic steamers to \$8, this cut makes an emigrant rate from Liverpool to Chicago of \$9.

About 11 o'clock on Friday night an attempt was made to destroy one of the hat factories at South Norwalk, Conn., owned by Crofut & Knapp. A can containing an explosive, supposed to be dynamite, was exploded by means of a fuse. The damage to the building was comparatively small, but the affair has excited afresh the feeling against the operatives in the factories, who struck work some time ago, as it is believed that they are responsible for it.

One ward of the Insane Asylum at Kankakee, Ill., was burned on Sunday morning and seventeen patients lost their lives.

Professor Benjamin Silliman, of Yale College, died at ten o'clock on Wednesday night,



of heart disease and uræmic poisoning. He was born in New Haven, December 4, 1816, and was graduated from Yale in 1837. He was then employed as assistant in the department of chemistry, of which his father was the head from 1802 to 1853. In 1842 Professor Silliman began to receive private pupils in analytical chemistry and mineralogy. This was the germ of the Sheffield Scientific School, which was, however, known, at its organization in 1847, as the Yale Scientific School. Professor Silliman was in that year appointed to the chair of chemistry in the new school. In 1846 he published his 'First Principles of Chemistry,' of which 50,000 copies have been sold. From 1849 to 1854 he was Professor of Medical Chemistry and Toxicology at the Louisville, Ky., University. In the latter year he succeeded his father at Yale in the chair of chemistry. He resigned his chair in the Academic Department in 1870, but continued to instruct in the Medical Department.

Rear-Admiral L. M. Powell, of the Navy (retired), died in Washington on Thursday, at the age of sixty-seven.

## FOREIGN.

Prime Minister Ferry created a sensation in the French Chamber of Deputies on Wednesday by declaring, in reply to an interrogatory, that the Government intended immediately to increase its energies in Tonquin, and would not stop until it occupied the entire country up to the frontier of the Chinese Empire. General Lewal, the new Minister of War, in speaking on the military situation, declared that he was a soldier and had no desire to interfere in politics. He praised General Camponen's devotion to France, and said he would strive to imitate it. He denied that the present operations in Tonquin would endanger the mobilization of the army in France, should occasion therefor arise. M. Ferry asserted that the Government insisted upon the complete execution of the Tientsin treaty, and was resolved by every means in its power to chastise China. After these remarks the order of the day was adopted by a vote of 294 to 234. The speech of M. Ferry has created a bad impression in Paris.

It was reported in Paris on Thursday that Admiral Courbet had captured the mines at Kelung. On Friday, China ordered a squadron to Formosa to attack the fleet of Admiral Courbet, to recapture Kelung, and to raise the blockade established by France on the northern coast of Formosa.

It was reported, on good authority, on Wednesday, that France and Germany had come to a complete agreement in regard to the Egyptian, Chinese, and Congo questions. France engages to protect German commerce in the French colonies, and Germany promises in consideration thereof to support France in her colonial schemes. Bismarck only withholds his final assent until after the French elections, when, if Prime Minister Ferry secures a good majority of the Chambers, he will sign the agreement.

The counterproposals of the Powers regarding Egyptian finances were presented to Earl Granville on Saturday. They demand that an inquiry under the control of the Powers be instituted in Egypt with the object of ascertaining the resources of that country, and determining whether the sacrifices which the holders of Egyptian bonds have been asked to make will be reimbursed or made permanent. They also demand that all coupons shall be provisionally taxed.

Hassan Fehmi Pasha, the Turkish Minister of Justice, who has set out on a special mission to England in regard to Egyptian affairs to effect an *entente cordiale*, will also visit France.

A despatch from Constantinople, which was not fully credited, was received in London on Sunday, stating that the Sultan of Turkey had sent a force of 6,000 troops to occupy Suakim, on the eastern coast of Egypt, to chastise Osman Digna, and to maintain the Sultan's au-

thority in the Red Sea littoral. The cost of the expedition and of the maintenance of the troops hereafter is to be charged against Egypt. This news caused great excitement in British political circles. A special council was held at the War Office and great activity immediately ensued at the naval stations. The Ministry is determined, it was reported in London, not to allow Turkey to interfere in Egyptian affairs.

The Paris *Temps* published a rumor on Wednesday that El Mahdi had accepted General Wolsley's proposals and would not oppose his advance to Khartum. It was mere bazaar gossip.

General Wolsley telegraphed on Friday from Korti that Major Kitchener had returned there, having left Gakdul on January 14. Major Kitchener reported that all was quiet when he left, and that the troops were healthy. The guards had built two forts for protection, and made several roads. Five of the twelve wells at Howeyatt are in good working order. The others are being repaired. General Stewart started on Wednesday with the advance guard for Metemneh.

General Stewart's force reached the Howeyatt Wells on Saturday, January 10, obtained a supply of water, and resumed the march to Gakdul. A detachment of the Essex Regiment remained as a garrison at Howeyatt, where a fort and hospital have been erected. General Stewart's force reached Gakdul on January 12. It consists of a squadron of Hussars, a heavy section of the camel corps, mounted infantry, the Sussex Regiment, and the Naval Brigade. The march across the desert was very trying on account of the great heat and scarcity of water.

At the Congo Conference in Berlin on Friday the proposal to construct a railway from Vivi to Stanley Pool was again actively discussed. There is a prospect that it will be eventually adopted. The decided opinion is expressed in Berlin diplomatic circles that the recent resolution submitted to the American Congress in regard to the American representation in the Congo Conference is founded on a misconception of the principles forming the basis of the Conference. The American delegates have not engaged in any polemic discussion whatever, but have merely watched American commercial interests.

The announcement that Sir Edward Malet, the British representative at the Berlin Conference, had been instructed to accept the French proposal regarding freedom of trade in the Congo country, caused great excitement in London mercantile circles. France proposes that the freedom of the Congo shall be limited to a period of twenty years. African traders in London say that the object of this is to attract capital to that country during the next twenty years, although at the end of that time, after the country has been developed and made valuable by the enterprise of merchants of all nations, it is to be closed to all except King Leopold's International African Association or to France, which is looked upon as the future legatee of that association. In a letter explaining the Government's position Earl Granville, British Secretary of Foreign Affairs, said: "England understands the Congo declaration to mean that imports shall be admitted into the Congo country free of taxation for an indefinite period, unless after twenty years the Powers shall give their unanimous sanction to a revision of this arrangement."

Admiral Peyron, French Minister of Marine, will resign on January 27.

An Anarchist plot has been discovered at Lyons, France. The plot contemplated the seizure by night of the arms belonging to the Rifle Society, and the immediate proclamation of a revolution.

Edmond François Valentin About, the distinguished French novelist, died on Saturday. He was born February 14, 1828, and made his literary debut in 1855 with a work called 'La Grèce Contemporaine,' which had a large circulation. His first romance was 'Tolla,'

founded on a book which had been suppressed. He wrote plays, novelettes, and novels rapidly, and in a few years became one of the foremost literary men of France. He wrote in turn for *Figaro*, the *Gaulois*, the *Soir*, and the *XIXe Siècle*. In 1872 he was arrested by the Germans at Strassburg and accused of high treason, but was released. Many of his novels have been translated into English, the most popular of which are 'The Notary's Nose' and 'The Man with the Broken Ear.' He was recently elected a member of the French Academy.

A sensation was caused throughout Germany on Wednesday, when it became known that, on the previous evening, at Frankfurt-on-Main, Police Commissioner Rumpff had been stabbed to death in front of his own house. Herr Rumpff was actively connected with the recent prosecutions at Leipzig of the Anarchists Reinsdorf, Rupsch, and others who were engaged in the Niederwald attempt to kill the Emperor. There is no doubt that friends of the condemned Anarchists committed the deed. A German traveller was arrested at Brussels on Friday, who is believed to be the assassin.

During the discussion in the German Reichstag on Wednesday on the proposed increase in the duties upon imports of cereals, Prince Bismarck stated that the Government, in order to meet the demands of the farmers, would require the duty upon wheat to be increased to treble the present rate, and upon rye to double the amount now paid upon the imports of these classes of grain from all countries, excepting Russia, which could not be included in the advance on account of the treaty existing between Germany and Russia regulating the customs duties upon importations from that country.

At the opening of the Prussian Landtag on Thursday, the speech of Emperor William, as King of Prussia, was read by an officer. It was stated in the speech that the financial condition of Prussia was satisfactory. The surplus of revenues over expenditures for the year 1884 had been devoted toward the payment of the public railway debt. It was estimated that the surplus for the year 1885 would not be sufficient to meet the increased contribution demanded of Prussia for the Empire. To meet the deficiency thus incurred a loan would be necessary.

The British Court of Appeal on Friday dismissed the appeal of Mr. Edward Yates, editor of the *London World*, against the sentence to four months' imprisonment for libelling Lord Lonsdale. Mr. Yates is serving out his sentence with every convenience of life except liberty.

Mr. Schotz, one of the principal witnesses against Mr. Lawes, the sculptor, in the libel suit brought against him by Mr. Belt, a brother sculptor, last winter, in London, has confessed that all his testimony was the result of a conspiracy entered into by him and another witness and Mr. Belt for the purpose of securing a share in the heavy damages which were assured by the lawyers. Schotz claims to have been the author of Mr. Belt's sketches and models. The damages awarded in this suit were \$25,000, and Mr. Lawes had himself judicially declared a bankrupt in order to escape paying them.

Ten thousand unemployed workmen and Radical sympathizers held a meeting on Saturday afternoon in front of the Royal Exchange, London. Henry George was one of the speakers.

The packet steamer *Admiral Moorsom*, running between Dublin and Holyhead, was sunk on Thursday night by collision with the American ship *Santa Clara*. Five lives were lost.

In the Spanish Chamber of Deputies on Friday, the Minister of Foreign Affairs announced that the Sooloo protocol remained unsigned, because of troubles between England and Germany respecting freedom of navigation in Borneo.

## THE ELECTORAL COUNT.

THE day being near at hand when the result of the Presidential election is to be officially declared, it is found that there is no joint rule in force governing the meeting of the two houses of Congress; the rule adopted four years ago being applicable to that particular occasion only. To renew it will not be difficult, since there is no dispute about the result, or about the vote of any particular State. If, however, the State of Indiana had been carried by the Republicans in the recent election, the vote of Virginia would have been disputed. In that case the country would have been in the same situation as in 1876, and with little chance of a peaceful outcome, there being still no law on the statute-book providing for the decision of disputed returns.

The want of such a law was perceived early in the history of the Government, and numerous attempts have been made to supply it. The first was an electoral-count bill introduced by James Ross, a Senator of Pennsylvania, in the year 1800. It provided for a committee, consisting of six Senators, six Representatives, and the Chief Justice, to decide all disputes respecting the returns. This bill contained the germ of the Electoral Commission of 1876. It passed the Senate. When it reached the House, an amendment was attached providing that each return should be counted unless both houses concurred in rejecting it. When it came back to the Senate, the amendment was amended so as to provide that if any return was objected to, it should be rejected unless both houses concurred in admitting it. As neither house would yield, the bill failed. Every subsequent attempt to pass a bill regulating the count has failed, because the two houses could not agree as to the mode of treating disputed returns or double returns.

In 1824 Mr. Van Buren introduced an electoral-count bill in the Senate, providing that if a return were objected to, it should be counted unless the two houses voting separately concurred in rejecting it. This bill passed the Senate, but was not acted upon in the House. The principle upon which it was founded is undeniably that which the framers of the Constitution had in view—that no return should be rejected upon the motion of one house only. The contingency of double returns had not been thought of, nor did any such case ever come up for practical determination until 1876, although several cases of disputed returns had been presented.

In 1875 Senator Morton of Indiana introduced an electoral-count bill which engaged a great deal of attention, and which, if it had become a law, would have seated Mr. Tilden as President the following year. It provided that if objection were made to any return, the return should be counted unless rejected by the concurrent vote of both houses, and that, in case of double returns, that one should be counted which the two houses acting separately should declare to be the true one. In case of failure of the two houses to agree, the vote of the State would be lost. The bill passed the Senate by a party vote, the Democrats voting in the negative. A motion to reconsider was entered, and this motion was never finally disposed of.

The Edmunds bill, originally introduced in 1878, and reintroduced by Senator Hoar and passed by the Senate, is the wisest measure of all. It provides that each State may establish tribunals for the trial of electoral contests, and that their decision shall be final; that if there be any dispute as to the lawfulness of the State tribunal, or if there be double returns from a State which has not provided such a tribunal, only those returns shall be counted which the two houses, acting separately, shall concur in receiving, and that any single return shall be counted unless rejected by both. The House has not concurred in this measure, and is not likely to do so. Nor is it probable that any measure will be passed on the subject at this session. We stand exactly where we stood in 1876, exposed to the chances of the direst civil commotion in case of a disputed return, since it is not probable that another electoral commission would ever be agreed to.

The Edmunds bill embraces one feature which there ought to be neither hesitation nor delay in adopting, and that is the machinery for getting rid of disputed returns altogether. If the two houses of Congress are unable, as it appears they always have been, to agree as to the method of deciding between disputed returns, they can at least minimize the chances of dispute by prescribing the mode of settling them in the States where they have their origin. If any State should neglect to create the tribunal which the bill calls for, it would be justly punished by losing its vote. There is really no excuse for leaving the door open to the indescribable calamity of another disputed election. When the closeness of the vote in November last was perceived, an instant tremor ran through all channels of business and all ranks of society. The most ardent wish and fervent prayer of good citizens was not that Blaine or Cleveland might be elected, but that there might be no room for dispute about the result. Among all the shortcomings of Congress the most flagrant and inexcusable is that which leaves the country exposed once in four years to the chances of a Mexican revolution. Nothing saved us from this calamity last fall except that Providence which, a foreign statesman said, takes care of children, drunkards, and the United States of America.

## PRIVATE OWNERSHIP OF FORESTS.

MR. O. R. WILLIS, in a recent issue of the *New York Observer*, discusses at some length and with considerable adroitness the Adirondack forest question; and although he does not say so directly, he makes it appear that the forests will stand a better chance of escaping destruction if left in the hands of private owners than if placed under some sort of State control. This conclusion has been reached, it seems to us, through insufficient information, and is based upon an inadequate and partial appreciation of the real dangers which, under the present ownership of a large part of these forests, menace their existence. Mr. Willis acknowledges that the destruction of the forests would result in diminishing the water supply of the Adirondack rivers, and that the whole Adirondack region is unfit for tillage, on ac-

count of its low annual temperature and the character of its cold and barren soil. Lumbering, however, he maintains, is not an injury but a real benefit to the forests; and even if this were not the case, a large portion of the Adirondack forests are so remote from streams that they must for ever remain undisturbed by lumbermen. It will not be safe to place too much confidence in these plausible and interested arguments of the lumbermen. Their methods, as at present practised, are not, it is true, directly destructive to the permanency of the Adirondack forests. They do not cut away all the forest growth, or strip the ground of its covering of foliage; they cut the spruce and pine or hemlock which are found scattered through the maples and other hard woods, of which these forests are principally composed. This in itself is really an advantage, as the lumbermen claim, rather than an injury to the forest.

The real dangers to these forests through private ownership are these:

1. Private owners, with few exceptions, cut off all the timber for which they can find a market, without regard to the continuation of the supply, and then pay little attention to preventing the spread of fires over lands stripped of immediate commercial value.

2. Private owners are willing and anxious to sell to agricultural settlers those portions of their property from which timber of immediate commercial value has been cut. It is the agricultural settlers probably more than the lumbermen who are directly responsible for the desert belt (swept clean of vegetation, and of soil even by fires kindled to clear up so-called farms), which stretches far and near about the remnants of the Adirondack woods, and which is slowly and surely extending in toward the heart of the wilderness. As long as these forests remain in the exclusive control of private owners, they run the risk of being sold out in small lots to settlers, who, for every acre they try to reclaim, endanger a hundred or a thousand acres of forest.

There is another and a greater danger, too, which threatens the Adirondack forests, and which will inevitably destroy them as reservoirs of moisture, unless some change of ownership can be effected. Adirondack lumbering, as at present conducted, takes few trees from the forest, and (except in the neighborhood of the iron furnaces) practically nothing is yet cut but such light woods as pine, spruce, or hemlock, which can be floated down the streams to market. The great stores of hard woods which these forests contain, have been spared up to the present time, not because the owners desired to perpetuate the forests, but because the condition of the lumber market did not justify the expense it would be necessary to incur in getting heavy woods to the mills. The demand, however, for the best hard woods is rapidly increasing in this country, and the time is not far distant when the owners of Adirondack forest property will find it profitable to cut and ship their maple, birch, and beech to New York and the Eastern markets. Then narrow-gauge logging roads will penetrate the Adirondack wilderness from every side, and the forests will fast melt away before the general cutting and the more numerous fires, which the new system will render inevitable.

A beginning in this direction has already been



made, and the Northern Adirondack Railroad and its enterprising and energetic projectors serve to illustrate the real dangers which threaten the north woods, and the speciousness of the lumbermen's arguments for private ownership of forest lands. Lumbermen and others hold forest property for the purpose of making money from their investments, and not from philanthropic motives or because they desire to keep up the water supply in the rivers. If they find it for their interest to let their trees grow, they will not cut them down; if, on the other hand, there is money, or they think there is money, in cutting them or allowing them to burn up, the forests will be sacrificed without a thought of the consequences, beyond the immediate effect upon their individual pockets. The lumbermen are right; and if they acted otherwise they would be more than human. The discussion of the Adirondack question has given rise to a vast amount of talk about the crimes of the lumbermen in destroying the forests. They often conduct their business in a foolish and short-sighted manner, but as long as they confine their operations to their own land and do not—a thing not without precedent, to be sure—lumber upon their neighbors' lands, they are justified in doing what they like with their own property, and must go on cutting and burning as the spirit moves them. In the meantime the forests will be destroyed beyond all hope of recovery, and the great and lasting misfortunes which must inevitably follow will fall upon the State. There is little comfort to be found in the delusive hope that the forests will be safe for any length of time in the hands of private owners, or that there is any less expensive method of perpetual forest preservation than is offered through State control.

#### CATHOLIC REACTION IN MEXICO.

THE Roman Catholic restoration in Belgium seems to have started a wave across the Atlantic and into the Gulf. Mexican Catholicism has felt the impulse. After ten years of complete prostration, it is now rising rapidly against Liberal oppression. This reaction is not working under constitutional forms and on the electoral battlefield, as in Belgium; for those things are mere names in Mexico. It is rather by indirection, by quiet yet firm assumption and display of power, by steady defiance of hostile legislation, that the revolution is going on.

To understand rightly the significance of the recent signs of Catholic recovery in Mexico, it is necessary to bear in mind the tremendous odds against which the Church has had to fight. It seemed as if her power must be forever broken by the so-called "Laws of Reform." They constitute a body of anti-Catholic legislation for a parallel to which the statute books of other countries would be searched in vain. Bismarck's Falk Laws were child's play beside them. The first stroke was the "nationalization" of the Church property—estimated to be of the value of from one-third to one-half of the entire real estate of the country. This measure was the rallying cry of Juarez in 1859 at Vera Cruz, and its execution had only to wait for his triumph after the French intervention. Since 1867, the Church has been able to hold

only those buildings which are strictly devoted to religious rites, and even those it could control only on the sufferance of the Government. The choicest of them, the great Cathedral itself, are subject at any time to "consolidation," that is, to sale to the highest bidder. Under Lerdo the work of crippling the Church went still further. By the amendments to the Constitution adopted in September, 1873, Church and State were declared for ever independent, marriage was made a civil contract, the Church was disqualified from ever holding any real estate or capital invested in real estate, and monastic orders were abolished. Thus these ecclesiastical privileges and sources of power were shorn away, one after another, and the thing was done not by mere act of Congress, but by actual incorporation into the organic law of the land. By a law of December 14, 1874, the work was still more advanced. The State was not only declared to be independent of the Church, but also supreme over it; religious liberty was proclaimed; religious instruction was forbidden in all public schools; all religious rites were restricted to the interior of the churches; priests were not to wear any distinctive dress in the streets; the Church could receive no legacies. These are the principal features of the law, which embraces also a great number of petty restrictions and regulations, chiefly designed, apparently, to aggravate the Church and remind her of her subjection. It only remained that a law should be passed "for the expulsion of pernicious foreigners," under the authority of which the Jesuits were unceremoniously bundled out of the country. Now, it was very natural that the people should have come to take the degree in which these "Laws of Reform" were enforced as an index at once of the power of the Government and of the strength of the Church. For many years they seem to have been enforced with great rigor, except in the remoter country districts. But they have been all along the point of attack of the clergy. Whenever and wherever the priests dared, they trampled upon the obnoxious statutes. The significance of the present situation is, that the Church has grown so bold as openly to defy the Government. In Toluca, but fifty miles from the capital, religious processions have marched through the streets, and, it is credibly asserted, monasteries have been re-established. Even at the seat of government the sacerdotal garb is seen in public. All over the Republic the idea is prevalent that the Church is on the eve of a restoration to something like her old power.

Several reasons enter into the explanation of the apathy of the Government in the face of these violations of the law. There is no danger that the old Liberal leaders are about to return to the bosom of the Church, or are thinking of delivering over their country again to the power of the hierarchy. Their present policy of ignoring the rising arrogance of Catholicism is no doubt partly due to their severe embarrassment over the financial straits in which they find themselves. All their thought has to be given to the difficult task of getting a revenue equal to the enormous and constantly increasing drains upon it. Their feeling is: One trouble at a time; let us

devise new and successful expedients for escaping these threatening deficits first, and attend to those minor matters afterwards. The Church is fully awake to the situation, and is not slow to avail herself of the opportunity offered by the financial difficulties of the administration.

There is also, it is probable, a foundation of truth in the rumor that General Diaz and his followers have found it to their advantage to enter into some sort of a compromise, tacit if not expressed, with the leaders of the Church. With universal suffrage and a population nine-tenths Catholic, the priests can wield a formidable political power. Of course, as things have gone, the administration has not had to fear any body of hostile voters, as it had abundant facilities, which it did not scruple to profit by, for securing the exclusive return to Congress of its own creatures. But this method is getting to be more and more outrageous and difficult. The Church is in a better position now than for years to demand a bargain in virtue of which governmental candidates shall not be defeated at the polls, provided that the anti-Catholic laws shall be but languidly enforced.

Then it is, perhaps, not giving too much credit to the good sense and tact of the dominant Mexican statesmen to say, that they perceive the inconsistency of the "Laws of Reform" with their professedly republican institutions, and are willing that the severity of the Lerdist legislation should be somewhat relaxed. The time is not yet ripe for open amendment or repeal, and accordingly violations of the offensive laws are winked at. President Diaz is said to believe in the power of education, rather than stringent repression, as the means of freeing his country from the dangers of an ambitious ecclesiasticism. In any case it will be of great interest to watch the Mexican clergy under the prospect of regaining something of their old prestige, to see if they have learned anything by the past. The dullest of them must now perceive that they themselves brought the woes of the last twenty years upon their own heads. It remains to be seen whether they will again prove themselves to be, as they were declared to have always been in the past by one of their own brethren of France, "*sans prévoyance et sans vues élevées*."

#### THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN OLD AGE OF BYRON.

It seems perhaps a strange "angle" from which to consider Byron's character, to place ourselves immediately opposite the figures of Goethe and George Sand. Yet the position offers many advantages, if only in bringing under one *coup d'œil* the great German, the great Englishman, and the great Frenchwoman; and it is peculiarly interesting if we think of them as representing old age in man, old age in woman, and that youthfulness of intellectual development which is of no sex. Mr. Arnold has lately spoken of Goethe and George Sand in one breath; Mr. Carlyle, more than fifty years ago, wrote of Goethe and Byron on the same page; and it is not difficult to group the three together. But in such a group Goethe would not be the central figure. It is rather George Sand, who with one hand touches the wise old man, and with the other the passionate poet.

The contrasts and parallels between the individualities of Goethe and George Sand are ex-

tremely interesting, and in nothing more so than in the manner (different yet alike) in which in both of them the agitations and irregularities of youth, the multiform and profound anguish of middle life, passed into their lofty composure of mind in old age. Had Goethe died having written only 'Werther,' and George Sand after writing 'Indiana,' who could have dreamed of the serenity, the dignity, the ennobling influences of later years? It is difficult to imagine Lord Byron, had he lived, as a gracious, friendly, peaceful, enlightened, and enlightening old man; yet there is enough kinship between his mind and those of Goethe and George Sand, from intellectual lucidity, from intimacy with nature, and from force of conviction, to render it not absurd to judge him by them. Shelley's quaint little phrase about him, three years before his death, when he was staying with him at Ravenna, comes to one's mind: "He is becoming, what he should be, a virtuous man." And Carlyle, describing the change in some men "from inward imprisonment, doubt, and discontent into freedom, belief, and clear activity," declares that in our day "among our own poets Byron was almost the only man we saw faithfully and manfully struggling to the end in this cause." And then adds the sad truth: "He died while the victory [the attainment of spiritual manhood] was . . . only beginning to be gained." But that he had begun "sich selbst zu empfinden," that he was nearing his best self, can scarcely be doubted; and the thought gives an almost tragic pathos to the last line of the verses of recognition from Goethe himself, which Byron received on the eve of his going to his death in Greece, whose cordial kindness sums itself in

"Und wie ich ihn erkannt mög' er sich kennen."

"Das tiefste Weh," which was one of the things Goethe "knew" in Byron, Goethe himself had met and conquered; but the modes and conditions of battle with it were different in the two men. The temptation to escape from wretchedness by suicide had pressed closely on Goethe, as it was to do on George Sand, but as it did not on Byron. In 'Dichtung und Wahrheit' Goethe gives an account of how, night after night, he attempted stabbing himself. But at last he "de termined to live." "To do this with cheerfulness, however, I required," he says, "some poetical task," and 'Werther' presented itself. He would have understood Byron's saying, "If I don't write to empty my mind, I go mad." "God grant," Goethe wrote afterward to Eckermann—"God grant that I may never find myself again in a state of mind which forces me to compose such a work." George Sand cries out in her despair: "I am often ashamed of the cowardice which prevents me from ending it all immediately; do I know neither how to live nor how to die?" Byron went no further, apparently, than to say:

"And I at times have found the struggle hard,  
And thought of shaking off my bonds of clay,  
But now I fain would for a time survive,  
If but to see what next can well arrive."

And he adds:

"Something—I know not what—does still uphold  
A spirit of slight patience; not in vain,  
Even for its own sake do we purchase pain."

He makes very few references to voluntary death in his journals or letters; but in 1813 he speaks thus impersonally and slightly of a then famous book on the subject: "Rogers is out of town with Mme. de Staël, who hath published an Essay against Suicide, which, I presume, will make somebody shoot himself"; a mere ironical jest, but a prophecy, nevertheless, which was singularly half fulfilled, it may be said, in the effect of the volume on George Sand. After reading it (in 1834), in days of utter disappointment and desolation, she says:

"I have found no solace in this pamphlet except the pleasure of learning that Mme. de Staël loved life, that she had a thousand reasons for clinging to it, that she had an infinitely happier fate than mine, an infinitely stronger and more intelligent head than mine. For the rest, I think her book has doubled to me the attraction of suicide."

We will turn for a moment from Byron to follow out George Sand's condition at this period; for it is not irrelevant. She continues in complete despondency:

"My days go by as sad as death, and my strength is rapidly failing. . . . It is clear to me that I shall come to nothing in this life, and that there is no hope for me on the earth. . . . My children cause me much pain in the midst of all the happiness they give me: they are the sacred ties which bind me to life, to a hateful life. I desire to break these terrible ties; the fear of remorse withholds me."

But with the inconsistency which is a part of all passionate emotion she declares, in the next breath:

"But I endure life because I love it; and although the sum of my sorrows is infinitely greater than that of my joys, although I have lost the possessions without which I supposed life to be impossible, I still love this sad destiny which remains to me, and I discover in it, every time I reconcile myself with it, sweetness which I did not remember or else disdainfully denied when I was rich in happiness."

In these last words lies the secret of what may be called the humanities of old age. This discovery of hidden sweetnesses, a late and noble power of the mind, is not, we too well know, a necessary or frequent consequence of long life. As we enter the regions of the old, the air is full of farewells to hope, of mournful sighs; it is the land of lamentation. The great and small Carlyles are always and everywhere saying: "Very sad, sunless is the hue of this now almost empty world to me—world about to vanish for me in eternities that cannot be known."

But there are other voices. Three months only before her death George Sand said: "The happiest and most favoring age of life is old age." And looking back at herself as the passages we have quoted show her to have been forty years earlier, she says, in these or almost precisely these words: "In other days I desired death; . . . I lacked strength, . . . and I said, 'I can do nothing.' I lied to myself. One can do everything. The strength is there one believes to have not, when one desires ardently to ascend, to mount up one rung each day—when one says, 'The I of to-morrow must be superior to that of to-day, and that of the next day still more solid and more lucid.'" We see here, as Carlyle said of Goethe—and may we not believe that only the grave hindered our saying it of Byron?

"Anarchy has now become Peace; the once gloomy and perturbed spirit is now serene, cheerfully vigorous, and rich in good fruits. Neither—which is most important of all—has this Peace been attained by a surrender to Necessity, or any compact with Delusion. . . . Here the ardent, high-aspiring youth has grown into the calmest man, yet with increase and not loss of ardor, and with aspirations higher as well as clearer."

He who grows into, not the "calmest" only, but the noblest man, does so through larger, more generous, more wide-embracing aspirations, as well as higher and clearer. If in this view even Goethe is not among the best; if his absence of concern in the interests, the more visible interests, of his nation and the world—in public affairs—seriously derogates from his greatness, the promise in the younger poet of a humanity broader than patriotism is to be all the more highly valued. So vehement a belief as Byron felt in the cause of mankind is a great quality, and a constantly ennobling one; it is essentially a virtue; and weighty and prophetic meanings may be found in such carelessly uttered but not thoughtlessly felt words as these (January 11,

1821): "I should almost regret that my own affairs went well when those of nations are in peril. If the interests of mankind could be essentially bettered (particularly of these oppressed Italians), I should not so much mind my own 'sma' peculiar.' God grant us 'all better times or more philosophy!' Six months later: "I have had my hands full with tyrants and their victims. There never was such oppression—even in Ireland, scarcely!" And lastly, "Onward!" he calls to us. " . . . What signifies self, if a single spark of that which would be worthy of the past can be bequeathed unquenched to the future?"

"The tranquillity of old age," it has been said, "is dependent on the increasing supremacy of ideas in our lives." If this be true, it is no idle fancy to believe that the old age of Byron might have been "tranquil," and might also have fulfilled—they are his words—

"The noble aspirations of my youth  
To make my own the mind of other men,  
The enlightener of nations."

#### TOLSTOI'S 'PEACE AND WAR.'

PARIS, January 1.

It is said that after having read the Book of Baruch, La Fontaine, whenever he met a friend, always began by asking him, "Have you read Baruch?" I feel somewhat like him with regard to a book by Count Leo Tolstoi. Whenever I meet anybody, I am disposed to ask first, "Have you read 'La Guerre et la Paix'?" I have read it, not in the Russian text, but in an excellent French translation made by Princess Paskevitch, one of the persons who hold a literary salon in St. Petersburg; and in this case, I believe that it cannot be said "Traduttore traditore." The translation shows the most intimate acquaintance with all the resources and delicacies of the French language.

The fate of this French edition of 'Peace and War' is singular. The translation was forgotten at the publisher's office. Nobody had ever heard of it when M. Melchior de Vogüé, one of the most brilliant writers on the modern staff of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, wrote an article on Tolstoi. M. de Vogüé knows Russian well; he has been in the French diplomatic service and married a Russian lady. His article was a revelation. Till then, the French public was only acquainted with Turgeneff, and it may almost be said that the great fame of Turgeneff was established in France. He was adopted in Paris and his fine genius was appreciated by all. Of Tolstoi, we knew nothing. I had, indeed, met him long ago, not at the house of Ivan Turgeneff, but at the house of Nicholas Turgeneff, the author of 'La Russie et les Russes.' Nicholas was one of the Decembrists; he had advocated the abolition of serfdom, he was an apostle and a statesman. The Russians of distinction always called on him when they came to Paris—those, at least, who were not afraid of the Emperor Nicholas. It must have been a little while after the Crimean War that I saw Count Tolstoi at N. Turgeneff's. I was informed that he was a writer of great merit, but I was unable to read any of his writings; he was then young and handsome, and he simply left on my mind the impression of an accomplished man of the world, somewhat too much interested in spiritualism.

'Peace and War,' as it now appears in the French translation, forms three volumes very closely printed. It is called an historical novel, but it hardly deserves that name. It is not an historical novel; history is merely a thread which binds together the heroes and heroines of a complex human drama. It is not even a novel, as in a novel there are always favorite heroes or heroines, surrounded with accessory personages, and the novel is chiefly consecrated to the delineation of a few central figures. Here we have



nothing of the sort. This single work might better be compared to the series of novels by our great Balzac, in which the same figures always reappear, sometimes more in the light, but sometimes more in the shade. The personages of Balzac, men and women, virtuous or criminal, weak or heroic, form a sort of human medium, an atmosphere of passions, sometimes almost nebulous, and sometimes condensed in brilliant constellations. Balzac himself gave to his huge work, which fills so many volumes, the graphic name of 'La Comédie Humaine.' The world in which all his actors move, suffer, and die seems as real as the true world. Such is the power of this writer that he gives life, he creates; our memory preserves all his types as easily as the men or women who have been thrown in our path and in the vortex of our own destiny.

This book of Tolstoi's might be called with justice 'The Russian Comedy,' in the sense in which Balzac employed the word. It gave me exactly the same impression: I felt that I was thrown among new men and women, that I lived with them, that I knew them, that none of them could be indifferent to me, that I could never forget them. I entered into their souls, and it seemed almost as if they could enter into mine. Such a power in a writer is almost a miracle. How many novels have I not read, and, after having read them, and admired many qualities—the beauty of the style, the invention, the dialogues, the dramatic situations—have still felt that my knowledge of life had not increased, that I had gained no new experience. It was not so with 'Peace and War.' The work begins in 1805, before Tilsit; it carried me through the great battles fought between Napoleon, Austria, and Russia, to the invasion of Russia, to Borodino, to the burning of Moscow; and all along I felt as if I was on the great stream of life—sometimes with the Emperors in the midst of their staff, in the councils of war, or on the battlefield; sometimes amidst the common soldiers, under the tent, on the high roads; sometimes in the great drawing-rooms of St. Petersburg with the diplomats, the fine ladies; sometimes in the great country houses of Russia—abodes of peace, of petty tyranny, of lazy, monotonous, and almost animal life, suddenly thrown into commotion by the news of the invasion.

History, in this extraordinary work, merely plays the part of a huge disturbing element: it acts on a host of actors, high or low, as a foreign body would act if a powerful hand threw it into the midst of our planetary system. It does not change men, but it gives them new and unforeseen opportunities. It changes the cold, heartless profligate, the man of prey, who lives but for his material pleasures, into a brave man, and sometimes into a hero. It brings out the dormant capacities and virtualities. It reveals all sorts of secrets to man. It brings men constantly before a formidable unknown. It exasperates some; it calms and soothes others. It gives to all the tender relations of life a new intensity, by depriving them of security. It is a powerful motor, but it is only a motor; the masses which it puts in motion are already formed of determined units, and each of these units is a human soul, a world in itself, shrouded in mystery. Conceived in this sense, Tolstoi's work has all the variety of human experience; it is less a novel than a succession of pictures, of small scenes, in which we often see the same actors. The book, in order to be well understood, must be read twice. The first time, you have to make the acquaintance of a number of people, and to become familiar with their barbarous Russian names. It is rather fatiguing at first, especially as there is no story, in the English sense of the word, as applied to a novel. You are constantly shifted from one place to another, from one set

of people to another set of people. By degrees, all becomes clear, the action is fairly engaged, the drama—or, rather, the dramas, for there are several in one—develop themselves, and you soon feel the keenest interest in all the actors. I ran, so to speak, through the book the first time, in order to form a conception of the aim of the author, and then I read it a second time, *con amore*, interrupting myself so as to prolong the pleasure, finding infinite joy in some of its tableaux, in the descriptions of nature, in the conversations, in the accessory details.

It would be difficult to give a proper definition of the talent of Tolstoi. First of all, he is an *homme du monde*. He makes great people, emperors, generals, diplomats, fine ladies, princes, talk and act as they do act and talk. He is a perfect gentleman, and as such he is thoroughly humane. He takes as much interest in the most humble of his actors as he does in the highest. He has lived in courts: the Saint-Andrés, the Saint-Vladimirs have no prestige for him—nor the gilded uniforms; he is not deceived by appearances. His aim is so high that whatever he sees is, in one sense, unsatisfactory. He looks for moral perfection, and there is nothing perfect. He is always disappointed in the end. The final impression of his work is a sort of despair. The cherished figures of his "Russian Comedy" are all fatally condemned to an untimely end, to continual mental and moral misery, to undeserved misfortune. It seems as if suffering was the mark of goodness, and as if a certain amount of virtue was incompatible with happiness. Then, by a sort of physical and natural necessity, the element of evil is always mixed up with the element of good. Natacha, one of the heroines of the book, who is represented as so charming, so good, so fascinating, has suddenly bad impulses. She does things or wishes to do things almost horrible. The women are all painted as somewhat irrational and unconscious; but it is not the privilege of their sex—the men are irrational also, led by instinct much more than by reason. Their courage, their honorable resolutions, their heroic actions, do not seem to belong to them. This fundamental idea of fatalism pervades the book. Fate governs empires as well as men: it plays with a Napoleon and an Alexander as it does with a private in the ranks; it hangs over all the world like a dark cloud, rent at times by lightning. We live in the night, like shadows; we are lost on the shore of an eternal Styx; we do not know whence we came or whither we go. Millions of men, led by a senseless man, go from west to east, killing, murdering, and burning, and it is called the invasion of Russia. Two thousand years before, millions of other men came from east to west, plundering, killing, and burning, and it was called the invasion of the barbarians. What becomes of the human will, of the proud *I*, in these dreadful events? We see the folly and the vanity of self-will in these great historical events; but it is just the same in all times, and the will gets lost in peace as well as in war, for there is no real peace, and the human wills are constantly devouring each other. The mother is devoured by the child, the husband by the wife, the slave by the master, the weak by the strong, the affectionate by the heartless, the rational by the irrational. We are made to enjoy a little, to suffer much, and, when the end is approaching, we are all like one of Tolstoi's heroes, on the day of Borodino. Allow me to cite this passage as a specimen of Tolstoi's manner. Prince André has been waiting behind with his regiment in the reserve, while the battle was raging; his men have been without food for eight hours:

"Prince André was walking to and fro in the meadow, with his hands crossed behind his back, his head bowed. He had nothing to do, no order to give; everything was being done without his

interference. The dead were taken away, the wounded were carried to the rear, and the ranks were reforming themselves. At the beginning of the action he had thought it necessary, to encourage his men, to walk in the ranks; but he soon saw that he had nothing to teach them. All the forces of his soul, as well as those of every soldier's, tended only to drive from his mind the horror of his situation. He dragged his feet on the trodden grass, and looked mechanically at the dust which covered his boots. Sometimes, making great strides, he tried to follow the lines made by the mowers; sometimes he counted them, asking himself how many would be necessary to make a verst. Sometimes he plucked a bit of absinth, which grew on the edge of the field, pressed it between his fingers, and perceived its strong and acrid smell. There was no trace left in his mind of his ideas of the day before; he thought of nothing. He lent a fatigued ear to the endless noise, to the cracking of the grenades and of the firing. From time to time he looked on the first battalion, and waited. 'There! . . . it is coming on us!' he heard; and at the same time a whistling and a little cloud. 'There is another! there! . . . No, it passed over our heads. That one has fallen.' And he began again to count his steps.

"Suddenly a shell whistled and struck in the earth five yards before him. He could not help shuddering. He looked on the ranks; many men had probably been thrown down, for he remarked a great agitation. . . . Another came, and fell at the feet of the horse of the chief of battalion, two steps before Prince André. The horse, not knowing whether it was right or wrong to show its alarm, rose on his hind legs, and turned himself aside. . . . Prince André was standing, hesitating. The shell, like an immense top, revolved near the absinth, between him and his aide-de camp. 'Is this really death?' thought he, with an indescribable feeling of regret, looking on the absinth and on that black object. He said to himself, 'I will not die; I love life, I love this world.' And still he did not quite understand what he had before him. 'Monsieur l'aide-de camp,' he screamed, 'it is a shame to—' He could not finish; a formidable explosion was heard. . . . Prince André was thrown with his arms forward, and fell on his breast."

I feel almost ashamed not to have been able to do better justice to Prince Tolstoi. It will be something if I can inspire a few with a desire to read his book, which is by far the most remarkable work of imagination that has been lately revealed to us.

## Correspondence.

MR. KASSON'S THANKSGIVING TOAST.  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of December 4, I notice the statement that at the American Thanksgiving-day dinner in this city, "Minister Kasson called for three cheers for Grover Cleveland, the next President, which were heartily given." Such an act on the part of the presiding officer at a public dinner would certainly have been in very questionable taste. I am glad, therefore, to be able to say that the above statement is in error. Mr. Kasson confined himself strictly to the regular toasts of the evening. The cheers which were called for and given were for President Arthur and the German Emperor; and no mention of Governor Cleveland was made by Mr. Kasson or any other speaker. STUDENT.

BERLIN, December 29, 1884.

THE ELIOT FAMILY.  
TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The exceptional interest which attaches to the name of Eliot will perhaps excuse my appeal to you to aid me in a genealogical search. I hasten to add that it does not interest me personally, as a descendant in any way from the family sought. But the sudden disappearance of a family of good standing from all the usual records forces me to try the effect of an unusual remedy, if you will kindly afford me a little space.

The Rev. John<sup>1</sup> Eliot, "the apostle to the Indians," had brothers Philip<sup>1</sup>, Jacob<sup>1</sup>, and Francis<sup>1</sup>, all settled here, of whom the first and third left female issue only. Jacob<sup>1</sup> was of Boston, a deacon in the First Church, and he left sons Jacob<sup>2</sup> and Asaph<sup>2</sup>. Jacob<sup>2</sup> Eliot, jr., had sons, Joseph<sup>3</sup>, Benjamin<sup>3</sup>, and Jacob<sup>3</sup>, of whom Joseph<sup>3</sup> had John<sup>4</sup>, Jacob<sup>4</sup>, and Joseph<sup>4</sup>. Of these last named, John<sup>4</sup> was a stationer in Boston, deacon at Hollis Street Church, and left a son Joseph<sup>5</sup>; Jacob<sup>4</sup>, born in 1700, was, as I suppose, of H. C. 1720, and minister of the Third Church in Lebanon, Conn., in 1729. He married twice and had sons Jacob<sup>5</sup>, Joseph<sup>5</sup>, and John<sup>5</sup>, and died in 1762. Jacob<sup>5</sup> Eliot, jr., of Lebanon, Conn., married in 1761, and had issue Jacob<sup>6</sup> and Samuel-Blackleach<sup>6</sup>, twins, in 1765, and Benjamin<sup>6</sup> in 1767. He died in 1783, and there the record ends.

It seems inconceivable that the progeny of Jacob<sup>5</sup>, jr., starting with three sons, and of his two brothers, should have all ceased, yet I have vainly sought to come in communication with them. I therefore venture to ask any of your readers who can assist me in tracing the more recent generations, to do so. I believe that in Boston the male line is extinct, but I hope this vigorous branch may still survive. I ask for the aid of your readers because the name has been so prominent and honored, and because its disappearance is quite unprecedented.—I remain, yours very respectfully,

WILLIAM H. WHITMORE.

P. O. Box 3478, Boston, Mass.

#### VOLUNTARY MEMORY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There can be no doubt of the soundness of the view presented by a writer on "Memory" in the *Nation* for January 15, that remembering and forgetting are to a large extent voluntary. Nothing can be more tonic than the stern aphorism which this writer quotes from Balzac, that "To forget is the great secret of strong and creative existences. Feeble natures live in their sorrows instead of converting them into experience." The difference between individuals in this respect is very evident, but the cause is not so clear. Is it a matter of strength or feebleness merely, or a thing of temperament? Are there not some persons, whether strong or weak, who are melancholy by temperament and prone to hug their griefs; while others are blessed with that merry disposition which inclines them always to keep in the sunshine, even in that "blind life within the brain"?

There is one consideration that makes it seem to be largely a matter of the relative teachableness by life-experience, in different natures. I mean the fact that in childhood we have none of us learned this great secret of forgetting our hurts by refusing our attention to them. It is a thing that judicious parents try to teach their children, but it takes years of life-training to teach it thoroughly. The result is that in looking back at our childhood, we have a vivid remembrance of its pains and troubles. They were "bitten in" permanently by reiterated recollection, before the child learned the folly of it. I am aware that we are accustomed to speak of childhood as a happy time by comparison with after life, but this impression comes rather from the superficial observation of other children's outward demonstrations of happiness, than from recollection of our own childhood. Most persons will probably find on reflection that the epochs of that period in their own experience are marked in memory by hurts. The milestones are the things that bruised them. Geo. Sand's repeated testimony to this, in her "Histoire de ma Vie," has interested me. In recalling a painful separation from her mother she says:

"Ces quinze jours sont plus distincts dans ma mémoire que les trois années que venaient de s'écouler. . . . Tant il est vrai que la douleur seule marque dans l'enfance le sentiment de la vie."

And again:

"Mais le printemps et l'été de 1811 furent sans nuages, et la preuve, c'est que cette année-là ne m'a laissé aucun souvenir particulier."

And once more:

"Il m'est impossible de me rappeler si nous allâmes à Paris dans l'hiver de 1812 à 1813. Cette partie de mon existence [she was born in 1804] est tout à fait sortie de ma mémoire. Je ne saurais dire non plus si ma mère vint à Nohant dans l'été de 1813. Il est probable que oui, car dans le cas contraire j'aurais eu du chagrin, et je me souviendrais."

It may help us, then, to persist in the wise course of cultivating our "forgettery," to reflect that this power indicates a mature stage of evolution. To brood over, and so to perpetuate our sorrows, is to remain in an arrested development of character—a childhood of the mind.

E. R. S.

CUYAHOGA FALLS, OHIO.

#### ARMY COMMISSIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to the letter in No. 1019 of the *Nation* under the head of "Army Commissions," allow me to call attention to section 1214 Revised Statutes, which reads: "Non-commissioned officers may, under regulations established by the Secretary of War, be examined by a board of four officers as to their qualifications for the duties of commissioned officers in the line of the army." Par. 27 Army Regulations of 1881 states plainly that the recommendation must originate with the applicant's company commander; and the same paragraph requires that the department commander shall assemble a board of five officers to make a preliminary examination as to the claims and qualifications of the candidates. I think there can be no doubt that the Fort Monroe Board is the one contemplated by the law.

Without having any knowledge of the particular case referred to by your correspondent, I have in mind a recent case in which the non-commissioned officer, being absent from his company on detached service at Department Headquarters, was ordered before the Department Board for examination without the recommendation, and, in fact, against the protest, of his company commander. He subsequently failed to pass the Fort Monroe Board, and whether the irregular manner of his recommendation was the reason for his rejection or not, it would seem to have been a sufficient cause.

If the enlisted men of the army, of the best talent, were encouraged to serve with their companies, a much larger proportion of them might hope to obtain commissions; but the staff idea that line service is of a degrading and inferior quality permeates the ranks, and soldiers whose capabilities are beyond the average, seek and obtain clerical positions or non-commissioned staff appointments, in which their services become so valuable that the officers under whom they serve are loth to part with them.

The recent appointments of civilians into the army, as a reward for political services, over the heads of old and deserving officers, is not an agreeable spectacle, and I heartily agree with your correspondent in the hope that the army may receive some benefit from the new departure in reform.

January 12, 1885.

#### NIGHTGOWN AND SCHLAFROCK.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to "Inquirer's" communication on the "night-gown," and kindred subjects, I

take the liberty of writing you what I happen to know of the uses of the German *Schlafrock*.

In the fatherland, and in this country among Germans, the *Schlafrock*, say thirty years ago, was almost exclusively worn by doctors, lawyers, and the clergy—persons who, from the nature of their professions, were liable to be called upon at unseasonable hours. Thus, for instance, my uncle, a doctor, always had his *Schlafrock* and *Pantoffeln* at some convenient place in his sleeping apartment. When called out of bed he simply slipped into his *Schlafrock*, a long garment reaching to the ground, plainly made of serviceable stuff, with a cord about the middle (not a fancy, embroidered, velvet-lined thing such as the modern "dude" delights in), and, stepping into his *Pantoffeln*, was ready almost in a second to see his visitor, give the necessary directions, preliminary to personal attendance on the patient, or to treat the "case," if it proved to be one, on the spot.

As the Herr Doctor did not wear a *Nachthemd*, despising such a "thing" as too effeminate, it not unfrequently happened that on such occasions he disclosed more of his person than a fastidious caller cared to see, or, for that matter, than he was anxious to disclose. But, then, he was an "ancestor," and lived in the long ago.

PHILANDER.

New York, January 16, 1885.

#### HENRY LAWRENCE EUSTIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The late Professor Eustis of Harvard, whose death you have noticed, was a man whose excellence as an instructor deserves public acknowledgment from his pupils. The quality of his teaching was exceptional. The bent of his mind and the thoroughness of the old West Point discipline made him intolerant of half training or superficial knowledge. The early practice of his profession, and afterward constant reading of its literature, kept him up to the level of its best attainment; and he had a lively contempt for the makeshifts and rules of thumb by which many professional men and some instructors try to handle the results of knowledge without the understanding of it. At the same time he could do justice to that native instinct for construction which he called *gumption*, and which in rare instances—much rarer, probably, than is believed—proves a safe bridge for minds for which formulae have no meaning. His most characteristic qualities were his rare clearness and directness of mind. These, with his freshness and power of presentation, made his teaching luminous, filling any but a very laggard pupil with interest in his subject, and making the way plain. It was a maxim with him that clear thought made clear speech; he would not admit that any one who had a distinct idea should be unable to find distinct expression for it. There could be no better enforcement of this doctrine than the lucidity of his own explanations. He always went behind his text-books, and it was seldom that he did not let light into the mind of his pupil.

The charm of a straightforward and genial manner won the confidence of his pupils even before they felt the mastery of his teaching. This made him unusually accessible and correspondingly popular. Interest in the music of the students added to this accessibility. He had been an early leader of the Pierians, and was one of the instructors to whom years ago the musical clubs would go with a serenade, and be sure of a hearty welcome. So to the friends who attended his funeral there was a fitting touch of pathetic association in the sound of the young men's voices which sang the familiar hymn.

W. P. P. L.

Boston, January 17, 1885.



## THE ACADIANS AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A few weeks ago your correspondent, Mr. Philip H. Smith, took exception to my account of the deportation of the Acadians, and tried to show that the act was unprovoked. Some of the reasons he alleges belong to a time and to conditions different from those in question, and the rest are overborne by incomparably stronger evidence, both English and French, of which Mr. Smith seems to have had no knowledge. But there is one part of his letter which has produced some impression, various newspapers having copied it as presenting a strong point in his favor. This is his closing sentence, which runs thus: "If the English concerned in the Acadian eviction were conscious of the rectitude of their intentions, and were secure in the belief that their course would be justified by a full knowledge of attendant circumstances, why were the entire French records coming into their hands destroyed, and the archives of Nova Scotia rifled of the documents covering the year of expulsion?"

This final touch perplexed me at first, because I knew that it was absolutely incorrect, and could not guess what had suggested it. I knew not only that the archives of Nova Scotia contained great numbers of papers "covering the year of expulsion," but that these papers had been published not many years ago by the Nova Scotia Government. I knew also that, what with public documents and private letters and journals, few events of American history have been put so fully into the light as this affair of the deportation of the Acadians, and that, far from trying to hide it, the chief agent in it has left a minute record of everything that passed from day to day, and carefully preserved his correspondence relating to it.

If what Mr. Smith says about "rifling the archives of Nova Scotia" was a riddle that might have puzzled the Sphinx, scarcely less so were his emphatic words about "the destruction of the entire French records." There were no French records of a political or military character in Nova Scotia after it became a British province, except in the hands of priests acting as secret agents of the French Government to stir up the Acadians to revolt against the English. The chief of these priests, Abbé Le Loure, had a box of such papers, and, in terror lest their contents should cause him to be hanged, he fled with them to Canada. Far from wishing to destroy them, the English were vexed at failing to get them into their hands. Besides these and other seditious writings, the only French records in Nova Scotia at the time were registers of churches, title-deeds, and similar papers of no political bearing, and, after the inhabitants were removed, of no value at all. Whether these were destroyed or not is a question of no significance as to the points at issue.

But while there were no French records of a political or military character in Nova Scotia, there was a great abundance of them, relating to Acadian affairs, in the hands of the French officials elsewhere. These are still in existence and are of a most damaging character, not to the English, but to the French themselves. If the English could have got hold of them, they would have thought them invaluable as a justification of their own measures.

Mr. Smith says in his book about Acadia that "the French people (Acadians) cannot be heard in their own behalf, as their papers were taken from them at the time of their forced extirpation." Does he mean to say that the Acadians were all put to death, or are we to understand that extirpation means expatriation? "If they

had any record of their sufferings and wrongs," he continues, "it will ever remain a sealed book." As they were so illiterate that very few of them could write their names, they could hardly have made any such record. Their scribes were their priests, and their priests, without exception, were, as before mentioned, agents of the French Government to stir them into revolt.

But where did Mr. Smith get the idea that "the archives of Nova Scotia had been rifled of the documents covering the year of expulsion"? In order to solve this enigma I diligently examined his book, and, though he rarely gives authorities for anything, I at last found a passage which clears up the mystery. In this passage he quotes the following note in Haliburton's *History of Nova Scotia*:

"It is very remarkable that there are no traces of this important event [the removal of the Acadians] to be found among the records in the Secretary's office at Halifax. I (Haliburton) could not discover that the correspondence had been preserved or that the orders, returns, and memorials had ever been filed there. The particulars of this affair seem to have been carefully concealed," etc.

It is on the strength of this that Mr. Smith declares the archives of Nova Scotia to have been "rifled." Now, anybody acquainted with these archives knows that this is not so, and that Haliburton is wholly wrong. The Secretary's office at Halifax contains, as I have said before, an abundance of documents on the removal of the Acadians. Mr. Smith had a printed collection of them before his eyes, drawn from this very source, and if the fervor of his zeal for the Acadian legend had not stricken him with judicial blindness, he must have seen that Haliburton's statement could not have been correct. But how came Haliburton to make it? It was in order to answer this question that I have deferred my reply to Mr. Smith. The following is a letter written to me by Thomas B. Atkins, Esq., who for many years has been Commissioner of the Public Records of Nova Scotia, and who was the editor of the Government publication containing the documents which Mr. Smith assumes were destroyed:

"In reply to your letter, in which you mention that it has been stated and circulated in newspapers that the records of the proceedings against the Acadians in 1755 were destroyed at the time, and that no traces of the affair exist among the papers in the Secretary's office at Halifax, I have to say that every document which appears in the work entitled 'Selections from the Archives of Nova Scotia' I found among the public papers preserved in the Secretary's office, and they are all now to be seen in the archive rooms of the Province Building at Halifax by any person who may desire to examine them.

"I beg also to say that all the documents relating to the removal of the Acadians which appear in the printed archives, with the exception of three letters since found among our English transcripts, were in the office of the Provincial Secretary or in his custody at the time Mr. Haliburton published his 'History of Nova Scotia.' It is therefore to be presumed that that gentleman did not prosecute his search with sufficient diligence, or he would not have written the note in which he asserts that there are no traces of this important event to be found among the records in the Secretary's office at Halifax, and that the particulars of the affair seem to have been carefully concealed, etc."

"When editing the 'Selections from the Archives of Nova Scotia,' I thought of noticing the observations of Mr. Haliburton with regard to the existence of the papers in question; but on consideration I concluded that the publication of the documents under the authority and by the direction of the Government of this country would be a sufficient refutation of the charge.

"I have not met with anything during my researches which would lead me to suppose that any attempt at concealment had been made on the part of the Government of that day."

That the Acadian story is a most deplorable one nobody will deny. That this unhappy people were deeply sinned against is equally true; but

the chief offence has been laid at the wrong door. Nor were the sufferers guiltless, as may be amply shown from French as well as English testimony. To quote from another letter of Mr. Atkins: "Their removal was a terrible necessity—how cruel, yet how unavoidable!" I cannot think it an absolute necessity. The purpose might perhaps have been answered by seizing the principal men among them and holding them as hostages for the good behavior of the rest.

It would be curious to trace out the evolution of the Acadian legend. But my only object here is to answer Mr. Smith's triumphant question, "If the English were conscious of rectitude, why were the entire French records destroyed and the archives of Nova Scotia rifled?" The reply is simple. No French records bearing on the matter in hand were destroyed and no archives were rifled.

F. PARKMAN.

Boston, January 18.

## Notes.

NOT only the *Portfolio*, it seems, but *L'Art*, of both which periodicals Mr. J. W. Bouton was until lately the agent, is to be in the hands of Macmillan & Co. on this side of the water.

Macmillan & Co. have begun the publication of a 'Dictionary of National Biography,' of which Leslie Stephen is editor. The first volume (A—badie—Anne) is before us. The plan of the work seems to be to give an account, sufficiently full for all ordinary purposes, of every man and woman now deceased whose name is in any way memorable in the history of the British islands. The contributors are, for the most part, well-known scholars and specialists, and each article is signed with the initials of the writer. A list of the authorities used is given in each case—a fact which adds much to the value of the work. Noteworthy among the biographies in the first volume are: Archbishop Abbot, by S. L. Lee; Adrian IV., by Professor Creighton; Addison, by Leslie Stephen; King Alfred, by E. A. Freeman; Anne of Denmark and Queen Anne, both by Prof. A. G. Warl. The work is marked throughout by accuracy, clearness, and good judgment. If the standard set in this volume shall be maintained in those that are to follow, the whole will make an invaluable addition to the stock of works of reference.

Mr. Reuben A. Guild, librarian of Brown University, is to celebrate one of the founders of that institution, and a Revolutionary chaplain, in the 'Life and Times of Hezekiah Smith.' The work will be issued by the American Baptist Publication Society.

D. Appleton & Co. will publish immediately 'The Money-Makers,' an off-set to 'The Bread-winners'; and the controversy between Herbert Spencer and Frederic Harrison on the nature and grounds of religion, which lately appeared in the *Nineteenth Century* and *Popular Science Monthly*.

'The Mystery of the Locks,' by E. W. Howe, author of 'The Story of a Country Town,' is in the press of J. R. Osgood & Co. The scene is again a Western town.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have in press for early publication 'William E. Burton: Actor, Author, and Manager; with Recollections of his Performances,' by William L. Keese. The work will be handsomely printed and illustrated, and will be sold in a limited edition to subscribers. The same publishers also announce for the coming year 'Kaméhaméha the Great: His Birth, Loves, and Conquests,' an Hawaiian romance, by C. M. Newell; 'Fragments from an Old Inn,' sketches and verses, by Lillian Rozell Messenger; 'How Should I Pronounce?' by W. H. P. Phylfe; 'The Life of Society,' a general view, by E. Woodward

Brown; 'Bible Characters,' sermons (with a memoir and portrait), by the late Alexander D. Mercer, D.D.; 'The Lenape Stone; or, The Indian and the Mammoth,' by H. C. Mercer; and a popular edition of Williams's 'History of the Negro Race,' two volumes in one.

G. P. Putnam's Sons have been made the publishers of the new American Historical Association, and announce the first of a series of historical monographs introduced by a report of the organization of the Association last September. No. 2 will be 'An Address on Studies in General History and the History of Civilization,' by Andrew D. White, President of the Association; No. 3, 'Federal Land Grants for Education in the Northwest Territory,' by Geo. W. Knight.

'A Trip to Alaska,' by George Wardman, United States Treasury Agent at the Seal Islands, is announced by Samuel Carson & Co., San Francisco.

Mr. Austin Dobson is editing a volume of 'Selections from Steele' at the request of the Regents of the Clarendon Press. Much new material will be utilized in the introductory biographical sketch.

In the *Publishers' Weekly* for December 20, 1884, Mr. Thorvald Solberg completed, but for some supplementary titles, his valuable catalogue of books and articles relating to literary property. Under the heading United States, is given a complete list of the acts of Congress relating to copyright, and of acts in force as to the jurisdiction of copyright cases.

The current number of the *American Journal of Philology* (No. 19) is more than commonly readable and free from technicality. Prof. W. D. Whitney leads off with an article on the study of Hindu grammar and the study of Sanskrit. Prof. C. D. Morris discusses the jurisdiction of the Athenians over their allies, apropos of the first four lines of Thucydides, I, 77. A. L. Frothingham, jr., attempts to fix the meaning of Baalim and Ashtaroth in the Old Testament. The editor, Professor Gildersleeve, contributes a sympathetic sketch of his old teacher, Friedrich Ritschl. B. Perrin's "Lucan as Historical Source for Appian," has also its interest for scholars. The death of the late Professor Packard is fitly noticed by Prof. T. D. Seymour.

The *Photographic Times* of this city begins the new year by a change from monthly to weekly issues, and by such an addition to its staff as to indicate the desire of the proprietors to keep it out of the category of mere advertising mediums. Mr. J. Traill Taylor, the editor-in-chief, is to be assisted by Messrs. W. J. Stillman and Chas. Ehrmann. The large body of amateur photographers, as well as the profession itself, seem likely to find their account in this periodical, which is now in its fifteenth volume. The *Times* is published at 423 Broome Street.

A view of Mormonism charitable beyond what we are accustomed to from the clergy, is presented at some length in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* for January. It is from the pen of the Rev. Delavan A. Leonard, Salt Lake City, who at least regards his subject from near and not from afar. The price of this quarterly, now published at Oberlin, Ohio, has been reduced to \$5.00.

The *Builder* closed last year with a statement of the building movement of England, which shows not merely that the tendency of the rural population to flock to the cities, of which we have heard so much, is as great in England as elsewhere, but that there is in that country a special tendency to desert the interior for the seacoast. In part, but probably it is a small part, this comes from the attraction of sea air; but mainly it is due to the advantages of water communication, which has caused the transfer of a number of manufactories to the coast, aided

by the injudicious policy of the railways, which have driven off their best customers. From a military point of view, this transfer of wealth and population to the most exposed part of the country can hardly be satisfactory to the patriots who were afraid of a Channel tunnel; but as yet not a word has been said against it.

The current issue of the *Portfolio* has for its frontispiece a charming etching by C. O. Murray, one of the best of the English etchers, after Morland. The second etching—of Windsor, by Edward Hull—is but commonplace; but the third, again, "Gateway of Canterbury Cathedral," by Joseph Pennell, is a great improvement on anything we have seen from that prolific designer's hand. There are none of the old, scrawling, meaningless lines about his foreground or sky, but, as far as they go, the forms of the etching are made out simply and significantly. The minor illustrations of Windsor are poor enough, and those by Pennell to the Canterbury article, especially "On the Stour," though freer from the vice of scrawling than earlier work, are still, in the water drawing, far from good form. The sense of the pictorial, which is the chief charm of Mr. Pennell's work, never, however, deserts him, and the Canterbury bits are attractive. As literature, the number has no special interest except in the leading article on Morland.

"Puck's Annual for 1885" derives its literary quality chiefly from its verse. Mr. H. C. Bunner's "A Look Back" and Mr. Robert Grant's "Froth: a Wagnerian Operetta," are noteworthy bits of *vers de société*; and neat and delicate also is "Left Behind," by "P. O'Hara." Of the prose, perhaps the best bit is Mr. J. L. Ford's "Samples of Humor," which reveals much keenness of observation. The illustrations are many and various in value.

Mr. J. A. Mitchell, the originator and editor of *Life*, has just begun a novel series of sketches which he calls "Glimpses of Heaven." His facility in drawing angels and cherubs and magnificently pillared halls, not less than his delicate humor, will find ample scope in this field, which cannot be said to have been overworked.

A circular letter, embodying a number of questions on "Recess or No-Recess in Schools," has been sent in many directions by Mr. J. H. Hoose, of the State Normal School at Cortland, Cortland County, N. Y. Mr. Hoose is one of the Committee on Hygiene in Education of the National Council of Education, which will report to the Council on this subject in July next.

Prof. Francis William Newman has recently published through Trübner a Latin translation of Robinson Crusoe, under the title 'Rebilus Cruso; a book to lighten tedium to the learner.' In his preface he indicates as his reasons for the choice, "its vivid interest, and because it includes a far greater variety of vocabulary than can be obtained from any of the received classics of the same length." In one sense this is perfectly true, for he is obliged to coin some words, as "ignipulta" for gun, and "cannones" for cannons. There is another Latin translation made by a Frenchman named Goffaux.

Among recent contributions to Shakesperian literature in Germany is 'Shakespeare's Stellung zur katholischen Religion,' by J. M. Raich. It appears to be simply another vain attempt to prove Shakspeare a Catholic, mainly by quotations from his works. For instance, the author considers that he believed in transubstantiation because of *Rosalind's* words, "His kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread." So, because *Othello* speaks of "the office opposite to Saint Peter," Shakspeare must have believed in the Papacy! This is nearly as bad as the work of that member of Parliament who explained

not only Shakspeare, but Horace and 'Hudibras,' by the appearances of the moon.

The last number of the *Bulletin de la Société de la Géographie* contains an article by Prince Roland Bonaparte on "The Last Voyages of the Dutch to New Guinea." As long ago as 1828 the Dutch made a settlement and built a fort at Triton Bay on the southwest coast, and at the same time took formal possession of the country as far as longitude 141°. But the fort was soon abandoned, and for many years few attempts were made to establish commercial relations with the natives. Since 1875, however, the Government has sent out fourteen different expeditions to explore the territory claimed in 1828. Of these a brief account is given by Prince Bonaparte, together with a map of that part of the island visited. The result of these expeditions appears to be a fair knowledge of the coast line both on the north and south nearly up to longitude 141°. No attempt, however, seems to have been made to penetrate into the interior. A number of settlements have been founded, and since 1877 a line of steamers has touched at two ports on the west coast three times a year.

In a few places in France local customs of processions inherited from the Middle Ages still exist. Usually they are much modified, and have lost as much of their original color and life as the Mardi Gras procession has in Paris. M. Robert Trigeu, in a small book called 'La Procession de Rameaux au Mans,' has given an account of one that has preserved more than usual of its early features, only the jousts with which it was formerly concluded having been suppressed. It took its origin, toward the close of the eleventh century, from a sally of the principal citizens (and especially the butchers of the town) to recover the Count of Maine and the great crucifix which had been captured by a band of Norman adventurers. The society of *Frances-Bouchers*, which takes a large part in the procession, has disappeared, but the *Mézai-gers* still exist—twenty of the principal bourgeois, who, like our Cincinnati, transmit the honor from father to son.

The most elaborate publishing enterprise lately started in France is M. Quantin's 'Bibliothèque des Chefs-d'œuvre du Roman Contemporain,' which is to include some forty of the masterpieces of contemporary fiction, illustrated in the most lavish manner with etchings or woodcuts or lithographs or cuts in color, either inserted or on the page with the text, as may seem best suited to each individual book. At least six uniform small quarto volumes will appear every year at a uniform price of twenty-five francs. Among the works promised and likely to be of interest to American readers are Dumas's 'Trois Mousquetaires' in one volume, M. Halévy's 'L'Abbé Constantin' and 'Deux Mariages' in another; M. Feuillet's 'Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre,' Hugo's 'Notre Dame' in two volumes, and 'Les Misérables' in five; Sandeau's 'Mlle. de la Seiglière,' and George Sand's 'Petite Fadette' and 'Mère au Diable' together in one volume. The first of the series to appear is Flaubert's 'Madame Bovary.'

The great edition of Victor Hugo's works (complete and *ne varietur*) is finished for the present, at least (Paris: Hetzel-Quantin; New York: Christern), in forty-six volumes—sixteen of poetry, fourteen of fiction, four of drama ('Torquemada' is not yet included), two of philosophy, three of history, three of 'Actes et Paroles,' two of travels, while the two volumes of 'Victor Hugo Raconté' make up the tale—these last thus confessing their autobiographical character.

Mr. Christern has received the prospectus of the latest of the sumptuous works associated at once with St. Mark's and the Venetian house of



Ferdinand Ongania. The present undertaking, to be begun next month in parts, is 'Le Trésor de Saint Marc à Venise,' by the Abbé Pasiol, a work accompanied by ninety-three large plates in color.

The much-talked-of bigness of everything American is surpassed in one respect by Russia, which offers the greatest prize ever known for a literary work. The Russian Academy will decide in 1925 who shall receive \$1,000,000 for the best work on the life and reign of the Czar Alexander I. The favorite and minister of that monarch, Arakhtcheyeff, left 50,000 rubles to be used in honor of his master a century after Alexander's death in 1825. Put at compound interest the 50,000 will have grown to \$1,000,000, the largest sum, probably, ever received by any author.

—After a long interval, we are glad to receive three more volumes or parts of the well-designated 'Encyclopedic Dictionary' (Cassell & Co.). The work has now reached nearly to the letter K in seven of these parts: in other words, is about half finished. On its first appearance we took occasion to enumerate its distinctive features. First and most striking is its superabundant vocabulary, with a vast array of obsolete words and forms of words, furnishing a glossary to our older literature, and with subordinate lists of compounds, as, *e. g.*, under *electric*, *fish*, *hand*, *ferric ferrous ferri-ferro*, etc. These compounds, by the way, are usually united by a hyphen, though in practice they would mostly be separated; so that whoever consults the present dictionary for aid in this unsettled department of punctuation will be misled instead of helped. The analysis and subdivision of meanings are carried to an unusual extent. The synonyms are taken openly from Crabb. The literary references are numerous, and precise in their indication of chapter and verse, or, in the case of periodicals, of dates. Finally, the illustrations, while unpretentious, are useful and relevant—not simply pictorial. Some shortcomings in executing the scheme were inevitable. Names of persons and places are admitted on certain conditions. Foucault has a separate entry for the sake of defining his pendulum; but Galileo is omitted before his derivatives, so to speak. Faraday is not named before nor (except as "the discoverer") under *faradisation*, etc.; but *henwoodite* is said expressly to have been "named after the late W. J. Henwood, of Penzance." A dislocation is seen in placing *ferry-bridge* and *ferry-railway* under *ferry* the verb, instead of under the noun. Americanisms have been pretty well looked after, as in the representation of an elevated railway. It is needless condensation to say of Morse that he "did much" for the electric telegraph. And the American electoral college might have been described under that rubric.

—At the thirty-first annual meeting of the Wisconsin State Historical Society, which has just been held, the additions to its library during the last year were reported as 2,546 volumes and 1,845 pamphlets, making a grand total now in the library of 109,059 volumes and pamphlets. Among these additions were 465 bound volumes of newspaper files from the year 1605 to the present time, making that department now number 4,583 volumes. Few collections in the country can be more extensive. Well-nigh 200 Wisconsin newspapers are now annually presented to the Society by their publishers, and the State pays for binding them. The earliest issues in the Territory are to be found in the Society's archives. If some of them had been consulted when the American Antiquarian Society published its centennial edition of Thomas's 'History of Printing in America,' we should not read as we do concerning Wisconsin in that work (vol.

ii, p. 167), "The Green Bay Republican was printed by W. Shoals in 1831 or 1832." The dates here are both wrong. So is the name of the paper and that of its publisher. So is the intimation that Mr. Shoals published the first newspaper in Wisconsin. Only two issues were made in that State before 1834. Those two were Nos. 1 and 2 of the Green Bay *Intelligencer*, not *Republican*, on December 11 and 25, 1833, not 1831 or 1832. Nor were these papers published by Shoals at all, but by Suydam and Ellis. The Green Bay *Republican* began to appear on October 10, 1841, ten years later than the date given by the antiquarian editor, and its publisher's name was not, as he gives it, W. Shoals, but Henry O. The atlases and maps in the collection amount to 957. The paintings in the gallery—consisting, to a great extent, of prominent State pioneers—are 120. Among the historical curios is a complete set of autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. A unique exhibit is that of about 200 implements of unalloyed copper, all found on the soil of Wisconsin. These articles, some so massive as to weigh five pounds apiece, were all for use in war or art—not for ornament like the beads and trinkets which are picked up elsewhere. They include at least fifteen varieties of types. This feature of the museum is without a rival, except perhaps in Buda-Pest. In the department of Shaksperiana the Wisconsin library has lately taken a new departure. The volumes in this specialty are already no less than 700. Among them are Halliwell's quarto facsimiles, so many of which were burned, and his folio edition of 150 copies for subscribers. This Wisconsin copy, according to tradition, belonged to Edwin Forrest, but if so, he must have owned two copies, as it is understood that one copy of Halliwell's folio edition was burned in Forrest's house at Philadelphia. The Society has just taken possession of the new building erected for it by the State at a cost of \$100,000. The new quarters will afford ample room and verge enough for more than twice the present number of books. But, judging the future by the past, before half a generation the Society will again say, "The place is too strait for me, give place to me that I may dwell!"

—The Modern Language Association of America, at its recent session in Columbia College, passed from its former chrysalis condition as a convention, and became a formal and permanent organization. Most of the colleges in which instruction in modern languages is prominent were represented by delegates. The character of the discussions showed a distinct advance over the meeting of one year ago. A programme of papers with educational subjects for debate provided a definite outline of work. Noticeable papers were presented upon "The college course in English literature: how it may be improved"; "How far may the latest scientific results be embodied in the text-book?"; "Some unpublished letters by Jean Paul Richter"; "Aims and methods of linguistic study, with a plea for the study of literature for its own sake"; and elaborate investigations upon the "Factive in German" and the "Genitive in Old French." The historical account of instruction in modern languages in New York city was unfortunately inaccurate in ascribing the date of the introduction of German into Columbia College to a date less than thirty years ago—a professorship having been established much earlier. The paper upon the "Progress of modern-language study in the South" was encouraging, although not advancing beyond the discussion of that subject already given in the *Nation*. A valuable analysis of the results of the requirements in French and German for admission to Harvard College showed that the number who failed was not

greater in these subjects than in algebra and plane geometry, the number of failures decreasing from thirty-six per cent. in 1875 to twenty-five per cent. in 1883. The discussions naturally turned upon the question of the relative position of classical and modern literatures in college instruction. A wide range of difference was manifest in the attitude of various delegates toward this question. Many, while insisting upon the importance of French and German in any proper scheme of education, were not prepared to go to the length of these, more radical, who believed that the classics must give way before the onward march of the literature of to-day. The more pronounced views found expression at the evening session. One delegate had examined the results of the teaching of classics in his own college, and found that ninety per cent. of the students used "ponies," which, inferentially, would not be possible in modern languages. Moreover, he had placed the great ancients against the great moderns, and found the former inferior to the latter. The convention passed a seemingly superfluous resolution in favor of a "modern classical course" in our colleges. More practical was the appointment of a committee to examine the whole subject of the relation of the classics and the modern languages, especially in the requirements for admission to college, and to report at the next meeting of the Association.

—A proposition to unite with the American Philological Society in promoting the objects common to both organizations was rejected; the members seeming to fear that any cooperation with the older body would result in some indefinable injury to the new organization. The convention forgot the beneficial influence exerted by the American Philological Society and the American Association for the Advancement of Science in combining to protect advanced degrees from indiscriminate bestowal by the smaller colleges. The unity of aim of the Philological Society and the Modern Language Association would suggest that cooperation in establishing the position of languages in liberal education might be of essential advantage. A library might be maintained in common, and prizes offered for special investigations in particular branches of philology. The question of a journal to promote the objects of the Association did not come up directly for discussion, though the action contemplated by the above resolution had reference in part to the founding of a common organ. Some delegates desired a publication devoted exclusively to modern languages; but the cost of supporting such a journal, and the probability that it would lack an adequate constituency, have hitherto stood in the way of realizing this wish. An enlargement of the scope of the present *American Journal of Philology* so as to include pedagogics would seem practical, and obviate the necessity of any new venture. The generous patronage of the Johns Hopkins University alone has made possible the existence of the latter periodical. For the present it is probable that the transactions of the Modern Language Association will be published in an annual volume. The list of educational subjects prepared for discussion by the Association was hardly entered upon, owing to lack of time. This is to be regretted, since there was a serious effort to bring before the conventions matters upon which an opinion was needed. The Association will meet hereafter during the Christmas recess in some central locality.

—All friends of the higher education for women will be interested in the account by Walter Armstrong, in the January number of the *London Art Journal*, describing the recently completed Woman's University Building, in the vicinity of London. It is situated not far from Windsor,

and on an eminence which overlooks the great park and the undulating fields that stretch away to the Crystal Palace. The building is pronounced by Mr. Armstrong one of the most remarkable structures in Europe. It consists of two blocks, each 520 feet in length, and these are connected at the ends and in the middle by cross-buildings, so as to make a double rectangle. The two blocks are traversed, from end to end, by corridors ten feet wide, giving access to more than three hundred suites of rooms. Each student is to have a sitting-room and a bedroom, and the one is as large as the other. The appointments are in all respects declared to be the most perfect that could be devised. Though the building is to be warmed by steam, there are provisions for no less than 800 open fires. The architecture is French Renaissance, and the designer Mr. Crossland, a pupil of Sir Gilbert Scott. The work was begun in 1879, and has been completed for the contract price of £257,000. It stands in a park of ninety-six acres, the whole being the gift of Mr. Thomas Holloway, in memory of his wife. It is designed as a national university for women of the middle and upper-middle classes, and is believed by Mr. Armstrong to be "the most magnificent endowment ever made upon his country by a single man." The entire gift is said to reach, if it does not exceed, a million pounds sterling.

—The *Art Journal*, by the way, which was known of all art students of this passing generation, is entering upon a new series which has the name only of the old. The plan of the ancient journal is lowered, its importance diminished, and the quality of its illustrations inferior, in spite of all the improvements in the arts of reproduction. The frontispiece of the February number, for example, "Napoleon on the Bellerophon," by Orchardson, is as flimsy a piece of picture making as the English school has ever produced—neither pictorial nor historical; theatrical, poverty-stricken, and ill-drawn. The literature, too, is dejected. Mr. Wallis, in his article on Raphael, shows, it seems to us, little judicial quality in the way he dismisses Morelli's theory of the share taken by Timoteo Viti in the development of Raphael's genius, and, if we can judge, quite contrary to the evidence brought forward—rather, perhaps, in ignorance of it, as if he had not read it. The endorsement of the acumen and authority of the very subacute and constantly untrustworthy Crowe and Cavalcaselle, and his acceptance of the genuineness of the "Apollo and Marsyas" as a work of Raphael, are equally impeachments of Mr. Wallis's capacity as an art archaeologist. No first-rate authority, even in Paris, accepts the "Apollo and Marsyas" as Raphael's, and no thorough student of art accepts Crowe and Cavalcaselle as authority in history or opinion in matters of art. The *Art Journal* wants editing perhaps more than anything else, for the selection of literary matter is certainly inferior to that of its earlier days.

—Macmillan & Co. have put into a portfolio a selection of the choicest woodcuts originally printed in the *English Illustrated Magazine*—twenty in number, carefully printed on Japanese paper and mounted on card-board in a *recherché* and attractive manner. As an exhibit of the state of wood-engraving in England to-day, the collection furnishes excellent material for the amateur of xylography. The English art has not in fidelity of interpretation reached the perfection of the American work, but the rendering of Rossetti's drawing for the "Early Italian Poets" is very delicate and faithful; less so, but still good, is that of his "Lady Lilith," while the "Loving Cup" utterly fails in rendering the head of the woman in the original, making it a

piece of very gross flesh. "The Miller's Courtship" is evidently a faithful translation of a somewhat blotchy drawing, and, with the companion drawing, "In the Fens," shows the engraver, Octave Lacour, to have a skill not at all common in England, and by presumption Gallic. "Stitchwort," again, is very near the *Century's* and *Harper's* work, and the piano-case of Burne Jones is charmingly rendered. The figure work of the same engraver, however, shows his limitations to be pretty nearly those of our own school, and it is even weaker than our average work of the same kind; but nothing occurs in the series better than Lacour's work. To get really good head-engravers to-day, we are afraid we must go to Germany, the requisite artistic training and knowledge of drawing being above the standard of wood-engravers in general, either in England or America. One swallow does not make a summer, and a Cole or a Linton does not make a school. The great want of all our art is training. Every branch of art production is filled with people who show that the foundations of their art educations were not well laid, and the superstructure is flimsy. In this respect the Germans are more to be imitated than even the French; and a little Teutonic thoroughness in the schools we are establishing or going to establish would do them immense good.

—Every one has heard of Goethe's aversion to dogs, which appears to have been based on their noisiness at night. Kant changed his residence in Königsberg three times on account of the noises made by poultry, sailors, and the singing of convicts; and Schopenhauer adduces a number of considerations to prove a favorite theory of his that an abhorrence of noise is a necessary concomitant of advancing civilization and refinement. Church bells are often attacked in the newspapers, but they are harmless compared with that arch-enemy of the ear—the steam whistle. Statistics show that a large proportion of railway employees and laborers in machine foundries are hard of hearing. The physicians of Winterthur, Switzerland, have petitioned the authorities that the tones of the engine whistles may be lowered, and not so long-sustained; and there is hardly a city or village where the death-rate would not decrease if these sleep-murdering whistles were abolished. Musical people are not only more sensitive than others to the steam-whistle nuisance, but have a special reason to lament its existence. It is well known that the greatest living song-writer, Robert Franz, lost his hearing almost completely some years ago; but a writer in a late number of *Schorer's Familienblatt* has, for the first time, narrated the details of this catastrophe, and mentioned some peculiarities in the case that possess a great interest for students of physiological acoustics. The writer's mother was a pupil of Franz. One day, he relates, Franz, on commencing his lesson, complained that the piano was out of tune, and angrily departed, declaring that he could not play on such an instrument. He made three other visits, and in each house the piano seemed to be in the same condition. Then it dawned on him that the fault must be in his own hearing, and that the cause of it was a railway whistle that had lacerated his ears on that very day. From that time he carefully avoided the neighborhood of locomotives, going from Halle to Leipzig in a wagon whenever he wished to see Schumann or attend a Gewandhaus concert. About a decade after this event, in 1863, he once more had the misfortune to be surprised by a shrill whistle, the effect of which was to make him deaf to the notes above *c*". Some time later he complained that "now the *b*" is gone too"; then followed *g*" and *a*", and so on, so that for a long time he could hear only bass notes; finally, those, too, disappeared,

and now he is practically quite deaf. This gradual disappearance of the notes of the scale from the range of his hearing will doubtless be interpreted as adding new force to the view that the basilar membrane in the ear is a differentiating organ, tuned so as to mediate the perception of special tone-waves. The original theory was, that the fibres of Corti possess this function, but when the discovery was made that birds do not have these fibres, the basilar membrane was fixed upon as furnishing the requisite anatomical conditions. The arrangement of the fibres of this membrane, gradually increasing in length from one end to the other, somewhat like the strings in a harp or piano (and connected with the ends of the acoustic nerve), must make them sensitive to waves of different kinds; and we need only assume that in the case of Franz the degeneration commenced at the base of the membrane, and thence extended upwards, to account for the gradual loss of his hearing and at the same time to corroborate the latest physiological doctrine.

#### EUPHORION.

*Euphorian*. Being Studies of the Antique and the Mediaeval in the Renaissance. By Vernon Lee. Boston: Roberts Bros.

It is difficult to find any *raison d'être* for a book like 'Euphorian,' except the rashness of youth in rushing in to solve the most difficult problems of the philosophy of history and art, and of an opinionated and crudely informed youth at that. Young people who have their ready solutions of all mysteries are not wanting to the experience of any one, and even as clever young people as Vernon Lee are not so rare as fortunately are their printed books. Should Vernon Lee ever arrive at complete education, she will most probably regret as much as any one can deprecate the publication of this collection of sophomoric dicta ("studies," in the true sense of the term, they cannot be called); and this not because the book is dull or uninteresting—such suppress themselves—for 'Euphorian' is clever with the cleverness of precocious and presumptuous youth, lively and amusing even in its pretentiousness. It shows the peculiar talent of a gifted young woman who has great faith in her notions, and is more anxious to talk cleverly than to study seriously; who has read much and reflected less, and is more bent on talking epigrammatically and authoritatively than on ascertaining whether what she says will bear investigation, or if it is new and worth the making of a volume. The result is a book filled largely with crude generalizations, cruder opinions, and ill-digested information gathered from an immense and heterogeneous reading, and which the author does not seem to know are, for the most part, neither new nor important, when true. Symonds's influence appears everywhere, and the color of Ruskin's old wine shows through her somewhat transparent bottle; but this older material is much mixed with the author's opinions.

Her passion seems to be in energetically formulating enigmatical conclusions which she takes for profound truths, but of which the only remarkable quality generally is their utter absurdity, when carefully considered—pretentious generalizations which only require reducing to logical form to be shown to be meaningless. Thus, in her essay called, with more than Ruskinian obscurity, "The Sacrifice," she says: "Sismondi asks indignantly, Why did the Italians not form a federation as soon as the strangers appeared?" Every intelligent school child knows that it was because the Italians had quarrelled and called in the strangers to help them against each other; but the author replies:

"The habit of security from abroad [when was Italy from the days of the Gallic invasions ever



secure [?] and of jealousy within; the essential nature of a number of trading centres, made such a thing not only impossible of execution, but for a while impossible of conception [as if confederation among themselves against each other had never occurred]. Confederacies had become possible only when Burlamacchi was decapitated by the imperialists; popular resistance had only become a reality when Feruccio was massacred by the Spaniards; a change of institutions was feasible only when all national institutions had been destroyed," etc., etc.

All which, in plain English, means that the Italians only began to fight after they had been utterly routed and dispersed—militarily, "cut to pieces." This is not the philosophy of history; it is the involution of nonsense.

Again: "Civilization cannot spread so long as it is contained within a national mould; and only a vanquished nation can civilize its victors." Of course there are no victors till the other nation is vanquished, and civilization cannot go abroad as long as it stays at home; but the statement is about as important as to say that bread is not bread till it is baked. Greece civilized Rome because it was civilized earlier than Rome, and Rome civilized Gaul for the same reason. Men are progressive, and when they see a more advanced state of society with more desirable contingencies, they adopt them, as have the Japanese from us, without conquest. They take what suits them and leave what does not. What Vernon Lee, with the most consequential manner, places as a law, is contradicted by the whole history of civilization.

But it is especially in what is written of art that 'Euphorion' revels in ignorance. It would seem that the author has not the faintest conception of the nature of art, any more than a blind man of colors, or a deaf of harmonies of sound. She has moved among the works of great art without ever suspecting what they were, and calling them this, that, and the other, as a child makes a kerchief personate a princess and a rag-doll a hero; one does not recognize the originals in her irrelevant travesty. Not even in general observation or reflection is she intelligent. "Landscape, in the sense of our artists of to-day," she says, "is a very recent thing; so recent that even in the works of Turner, who was, perhaps, the earliest landscape painter in the modern sense, we are forced to separate from the real rendering of real effects a great deal in which the tints of sky and sea are arranged and distributed as a mere vast conventional piece of decoration." This is inaccurate in every statement of fact, and absurd in what is conclusion. Turner was the legitimate descendant of Claude, with a wider view of the field of art, and cared even less for the "real rendering of real effects," which, if it means realization, is a thing not to be found as the motive in any work of the painter. Nor is the author more accurate in noting the phenomena on which she descants: "But the sun has smitten the higher hills, and the vapors have partially rolled down in a scarcely visible fold to their feet; and the high hill, not yet rock or earth, swells up into the sky as something real, but fluid, and of infinite elasticity." Mist never rolls down when smitten by the sun, but rises up; but what the high hill is supposed to be doing or becoming, passes our comprehension: "words, words, words."

In the essay called "Symmetria Prisca," it is almost impossible to read a section without encountering the evidence of this singular incapacity to understand anything that goes to the constitution of Art. Its very history is miswritten with a recklessness which can only be the result of such incapacity: "Painting, in the hands of Cimabue and Duccio, of Giotto and Guido da Siena, freed itself from the tradition of the mosaicists as sculpture had from the practice of the stone-masons, and stood forth an independent and

organic art. Thus painting was born of a new civilization, and grew by its own vital force—a thing of the Middle Ages, original and spontaneous." Yet a little further on we read: "The most purely mediæval sculpture, the sculpture which has, as it were, just detached itself from the capitals and porches of the cathedral, is the direct pupil of the antique." She had only to read Perkins or 'L'Art Byzantin' (Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des beaux-arts) to know that the latter was the truth (see 'L'Art Byzantin,' pp. 159, 161, 162); and even Crowe and Cavalcaselle, who seem to furnish her with all she knows of the history of art, should have taught her that painting in Italy was born of painting in Byzantium, and that there is absolutely no break in the lineage except from the irruption of some new genius from time to time. But, starting with a curious incomprehension of the very nature of art, the author never sees the falsity of any conclusion or generalization about it, but goes on with an airy assurance and irrelevance, discoursing nonsense, with here and there a fragment of ill-applied dictum of some painter or book on painting, which she makes equal nonsense by the way she puts it:

"Giottoesque art is not incorrect art, it is generalized art; it is an art of mere outline. The Giottoesques could draw with great accuracy the hand: the form of the fingers, the bend of the limb, they could give to perfection its whole gesture and movement, they could produce a correct and spirited outline. . . . The difference between this spectre hand of the Giottoesques and the sinewy muscular hand which can shake and crush of Masaccio and Signorelli; or the soft hand with throbbing pulse and warm pressure of Perugino and Bellini"; etc., etc.

is eloquence, perhaps, but not philosophy of art; and in the passage, "With Masaccio began the study of nature for its own sake, the passionate wish to arrive at absolute realization," the author shows again that she does not, in the least, comprehend the radical distinction between the artistic and naturalistic schools. Realization began with the Dutch schools, nor is there prior to Raphael anything in painting which even inexperience could confound with naturalism. Of the Pisani and Giottoesques she says: "The anatomical science and technical processes of Antiquity were being used to produce the most intensely un-antique, the most intensely mediæval works." Now, considering that we know absolutely nothing about the technical processes of antiquity, and that the ancients knew of anatomy so little that they conceived the muscles only to serve as cushions to protect the bones, this is precocious wisdom. A characteristic dictum is the following, which is as magisterial as absurd: "First, then, we have the hostility between painting and sculpture, between the *modus operandi* of the modern and the *modus operandi* of the ancient art. Antique art is, in the first place, purely linear art, colorless, tintless, without light and shade; next, it is essentially the art of the isolated figure without background, grouping, or perspective," etc., etc. It is clear that in the cool assurance of so profound ignorance both of the philosophy and results of art, it would be futile to hope for a cessation of this self-assumed function of art teacher. There is an ignorance which is so complete that it is beyond instruction, and this is always ready to lay down rigorously the law of taste because it is absolutely devoid of the æsthetic sense.

The essay on "Mediæval Love" is one which can only excite wonder at the predilection of Vernon Lee, a woman and still young, for studies in a class of literature which is simply so filthy that most students of mediæval literature either leave it aside or do not admit that they have read it. Only one thing is clear, that Vernon Lee knows little more about love, brave, healthy, and real passion, than she does of art.

She does not even perceive that the human heart is in all ages essentially the same, and that love is the great regenerator at all times. She talks of Dante's love as necessarily a poetical fiction, not knowing that his experience is more or less that of every spiritually-minded man, and that no poetic fiction could approach its reality, so true is it that "he who loves is one step nearer heaven." One cannot say to Vernon Lee, "Heaven send thee a beard"; but we may say, Experience send thee modesty and sound study.

#### SOLFERINO AND SICILY

*Lettere edite ed inedite di Camillo Cavour, Raccolte ed Illustrate da Luigi Chiala. [Volume III. 1859-1860.] I Preliminari dell'Unità Italiana. Turin: Roux & Favale. 1884. Pp. cccxlv, 419.*

THE verbal agreement between Napoleon and Cavour at Plombières on July 21, 1858, was kept strictly secret, yet, as the year wore on, there was an ill-defined presentiment in diplomatic circles that the relations among the Powers were becoming strained beyond the limits of peace, and that, somehow or other, the Italian Question was prominently involved in the impending crisis. This presentiment suddenly hardened into certainty, when, on New Year's day, 1859, Napoleon held his customary reception, and made the memorable remark to Baron Hübner, the Austrian Ambassador: "I regret that our relations with your Government are not so good as in the past; but I beg you to say to the Emperor [Francis Joseph] that my personal sentiments toward him are not changed." Within twenty-four hours every capital in Europe had heard this significant sentence, and had deduced from it that the French Emperor's inclinations leaned toward Sardinia. "It appears that the Emperor wants to go ahead," exclaimed Cavour, who also, according to the report of his friends, was surprised at the unexpected utterance. A little later, from Turin were spoken other famous words, which men immediately regarded as prophetic. On December 30, 1858, the Piedmontese Cabinet had drawn up the scheme for the address from the throne, to be delivered at the opening of Parliament on January 10, 1859. This rough draft was sent to Napoleon, who returned it with this striking passage added:

"Fortified by the experience of the past, we go, resolute, to meet the emergencies of the future. This future will be happy, our policy reposing on justice, on love of liberty and of country. Our land, small in territory, acquired credit in the councils of Europe because it is great in the ideas it represents, the sympathies it inspires. This condition is not bereft of perils, because, while we respect the treaties, we are not insensible to the cry of anguish which is raised to us from so many parts of Italy. Strong in concord, trusting in our good right, let us, prudent and decided, await the decrees of Divine Providence."

In a very short time the *grido di dolore*—the "cry of anguish"—became a watch-word among patriots throughout the Peninsula, who now felt certain that Piedmont heard every cry, and was the real leader of the national movement. Cavour, finding that Napoleon was in earnest in regard to helping the Italians, turned at once to prepare for the conflict. The first step in the proceedings was to conclude the marriage between Prince Napoleon and Princess Clothilde, the daughter of Victor Emmanuel. No union could be more deplorable than this proved to the pure, high-minded woman; but the sacrifice must be made, and the Princess, true to her Savoyard blood, was willing to make it. Europe perceived at last that war was approaching, and exerted herself to prevent it. For a time the contest lay between Cavour on one side and European diplomats on the other. He urged Napoleon to action; they intrigued for the maintenance of

peace in the interest of Austria. On January 15 he wrote to E. d'Azeglio at London: "While they are recommending moderation and calm to us, Austria is accumulating enormous forces. Lombardy is an entrenched camp; the troops are distributed and organized for an offensive movement. In contempt of the treaties Piacenza is occupied no longer by a feeble garrison, but by an army corps which directly menaces us. . . . It is certain, at all events, that if the concentration of Austrian forces continues we shall be driven to reunite all our force before spring."

But while Cavour, by equipping troops, by negotiating loans, and by diplomatic overtures, was making ready for war, and was trying to win foreign sympathy for Piedmont, the advocates of peace almost overmatched him, and at the end of March he set out for Paris to bring his personal influence to bear upon the vacillating or slippery Napoleon. His persuasiveness proved so effective that on March 29 he was able to write to La Marmora: "Here is my impression. War inevitable. It will be delayed by two months at least. It will be waged on the Rhine as well as on the Po. In order that the war may have a happy result for Piedmont and for Italy, we must prepare to make the greatest efforts. The French, drawn in against their will, will never pardon us if the greater part of the weight of the enterprise fall on their back. *Woe to us if we triumph solely by means of the French.* It is only by fighting better than they, by putting under arms forces superior to theirs, in case of a general war, that we shall save our country."

Upon his return to Turin, matters hastened to a crisis faster than he expected, yet up to the last moment he was kept in a terrible suspense lest his antagonists should make Napoleon waver. But on April 21 Baron Kellersperg was sent by Count Buol with an ultimatum from Vienna. He reached Turin late in the afternoon of the 23d. Cavour read Buol's letter, and promised to give a reply at the same hour three days later. Piedmont was peremptorily called upon to dismiss all her volunteers. On April 25 Baron Kellersperg left Turin with a reply for the Austrian Minister, in which Piedmont promptly refused to accede to Austria's demands. "The die is cast!" Cavour exclaimed, when the envoy had departed. "We have made history, and now let us go to dinner." The last efforts of the courts of Berlin and London to compel a disarmament failed, and war was declared on the 29th. French regiments poured into Piedmont and were quickly despatched to the front, where was begun the most remarkable campaign since that of Waterloo. Of the important events of the war no mention need here be made, but it is pertinent to call attention to Cavour's marvellous activity at this time. He was really the Piedmontese Cabinet and the centre of the Italian movement at Turin. He discharged the duties of the Minister of War, as La Marmora was in the field. He was Minister of Finance. He corresponded with and encouraged the leaders of auxiliary revolts at Parma, in Tuscany, in the Marches. He superintended the levy of horses and provisions. He cared for the prompt transportation of troops. No modern Minister, unless it be Bismarck or Gladstone, has shown such capacity for work of every kind, from the shaping of the broadest policy to the strict performance of the minutest departmental detail.

On the 4th of June, the French and Italians defeated the Austrians at Magenta; on the 24th, the allies won another desperate victory at Solferino. On the day following the last engagement, Cavour started for the front, and, after an interview with Victor Emmanuel, returned to Turin. His amazement and consternation were unbounded a week later when the news reached him that Napoleon had commanded a halt, and

that the war of liberation would be stopped with the work only half done. On July 8, La Marmora telegraphed Cavour: "The armistice is being concluded at this moment at Villafranca. . . . I am unable to state with precision how and by whom it may have been proposed." That same morning the *Moniteur*, the official organ of Napoleon at Paris, published a despatch announcing that a suspension of arms had been agreed upon. The following evening Cavour, still trusting that his influence might prevent the conclusion of a peace which would leave Italy unsatisfied, hurried to Monzambano, the headquarters of the allied troops. On his arrival he learned that on the following day, July 11, the two Emperors were to meet to discuss the terms of peace at Villafranca. Stormy indeed was the two-hours' interview which Cavour held with Victor Emmanuel, but what either said has never been authentically reported. Cavour felt that to pause then would betray the Venetians and the Central Italians, and would give the Piedmontese just cause for declaring they had been deceived. The King at heart rebelled no less vehemently than his Minister at this unexpected ending of the war; but he at least kept up a show of outward calmness. Cavour, having been refused an interview with Napoleon, who possibly did not wish to trust himself against the persuasive eloquence and just recriminations of the Piedmontese Premier, returned to Turin. His first act was to resign. After his life-long struggle for Italian independence, and especially after having arranged with Napoleon this war of liberation, he could not consistently consent to a treaty which betrayed his principles. Many weeks passed before he recovered from the terrible blow dealt him by the French Emperor's insincerity.

But though beaten down, it was impossible for him to despair. In a letter to Massimo d'Azeglio, of July 15, 1859, he wrote: "As for me—I speak as a simple Italian to you, not as a minister—as soon as my successor is appointed, for which I hope I shall not have to wait long, I will come and place myself under your orders as a simple soldier, to be killed for the defence of Italian independence." Four days later La Marmora succeeded to the Presidency of the Council, and Cavour retired to Switzerland, "to forget there among the wonders of Nature the misery of the affairs conducted by men." He purposed to withdraw so completely from public life that not even a suspicion should survive that he interfered with the policy of the new Ministry, of which Rattazzi soon became the leader; and he loyally abstained from embarrassing it by criticising what was soon seen to be its weakness.

"I am profoundly persuaded," he wrote on July 24, 1859, "that my participation in politics at this time would be harmful to my country. Its destinies were handed over to diplomacy. Now I am in bad odor with the diplomats. My resignation is so agreeable to them that its effect will be to render them more favorable to those unhappy peoples of Central Italy whose fate must be established. There are circumstances in which a statesman could not put himself far enough forward, there are others in which the interest of the cause he serves requires that he withdraw himself into the shade. This is what present circumstances exact of me. Man of action that I am, of my own accord I surrender myself to the power of repose for the welfare of my country."

Peace reigned again, but the rulers expelled from Tuscany and the other Duchies were not allowed to return. A conference convened at Zurich in the autumn of 1859 to decide the settlement of Central Italy. Instead of coming to an agreement then, however, Napoleon proposed that a European Congress should be summoned. The question arose as to who should represent Piedmont. The Piedmontese, indeed, we may say without exaggeration, the European public,

recognized that only one man could fitly speak for Italy. Not to send Cavour to the Congress was equivalent to leaving the hero out of the play. But would Cavour consent to be the spokesman of a Cabinet whose policy he did not approve? The popular sense of fitness felt, if it did not say, that he must speak his own policy or remain silent. In November, 1859, he writes confidentially to La Farina that his conviction is only too strongly confirmed that the fate of Italy "is for the time being intrusted to persons little fitted to govern the state in these difficult times." Matters grew more critical, until it was generally conceded that Cavour must again guide Piedmont. But the Rattazzi Ministry, before its fall, formally appointed Cavour to represent Piedmont at Paris. Two days after his appointment, on Christmas, 1859, he wrote to Farini, Governor of Emilia:

"I will not relate to you the story of my election as our representative at the Congress. All the intrigues, all the basest subterfuges were put in operation to render it impossible. Dabormida and La Marmora are innocent of this. It will be easy for you to guess who were its authors. If they did not succeed in their purpose, they succeeded nevertheless in making more arduous my most difficult mission by revealing the antipathies, the envy, and the base jealousies with which I am honored by some persons. . . . In spite of this I have accepted, because by refusing I must have of necessity proclaimed a hostile antagonism to Italy, and by accepting I believe I have made the greatest sacrifice which a public man can make for his country—not only to consent to bear in silence cruel wrongs, but to accept a mission from a Government that inspires me with neither esteem nor confidence."

In less than a month Cavour was again Premier. The Congress never assembled, but by the end of March, 1860, the populations of Parma, Modena, the Romagna, and Tuscany, taking matters into their own hands, voted to annex themselves to Piedmont. Thus was formed the kingdom of Italy, numbering about eleven million souls. Hardly had this been achieved ere Nice and Savoy had to be ceded to France. Napoleon had made this an indispensable condition of his war upon Austria. He carried out only half of his contract, but he demanded payment in full. There were not wanting those who accused Cavour of treachery because he had agreed to this sacrifice. No Italian could see with pleasure a slice of Italian territory cut off and given to France. Most vehement in denouncing this transaction was Garibaldi, a Nizzan by birth. He openly reviled Cavour, who, however, was too true a patriot to allow his personal feelings to retaliate upon one who might be useful to Italy; and his shrewdness in helping Garibaldi during the Sicilian campaign is as commendable as his generous attempt to conciliate the honest but impetuous free-lance.

Cavour's management throughout that romantic expedition long ago took its place among the triumphs of diplomacy. He could not officially abet an attack upon the kingdom of Naples, with which Piedmont was nominally at peace; but how could he be blamed should a privateer elude the vigilance of the Piedmontese coast-guard and sail for Sicily? On April 24, 1860, Cavour, expecting to be forced to resign, owing to the odium the cession of Nice had brought upon him, wrote to Farini in regard to the formation of a new Cabinet; on the night of May 5 Garibaldi embarked with his "Thousand" on the steamers *Piemonte* and *Lombardi*; thenceforward there was no hint of Cavour's retirement. "You will remain a stranger to all that may refer to the landing of the Garibaldians," he telegraphed to the Piedmontese naval commander at Palermo; and these instructions summarize his policy during the following months.

It is unnecessary to mention, even briefly, Garibaldi's brilliant and victorious march from the time he landed at Marsala until, having con-



quered Sicily, he crossed over to the mainland to put to rout the Bourbon King near Naples. The regular Italian army, having marched by way of Ancona, reached Naples in time to congratulate the red-shirted heroes upon their victory on the Volturno. Through the summer months Cavour prepared for the final result—the annexation of the Neapolitan kingdom. Yet he never felt sure that Garibaldi, intoxicated with success, would not attempt to establish a Mazzinian republic in the South.

"He has a generous character," Cavour wrote to an intimate friend on July 12, "and poetic instincts, but at the same time he is a savage nature upon which certain impressions leave ineffaceable traces. The cession of Nice has deeply wounded him; he regards it up to a certain point as a personal injury; he will never pardon us. His rancor is embittered by the recollection of the struggles he has had to sustain in Central Italy with Fanti and Farini. So that I think he wishes to overturn the Ministry as much as to expel the Austrians. The King (Victor Emmanuel) preserves a certain influence over him, but he could not use it in our favor. He would simply waste it, which would be a great misfortune, for this influence may prove to be our only anchor of safety."

Cavour very dexterously made his fear of Garibaldi's extravagance an excuse for sending the Sardinian army across Papal territory. On October 2, 1860, the Premier told the deputies in the Chamber at Turin: "Garibaldi wishes to perpetuate the revolution; we wish to terminate it." But fortunately common sense and patriotism prevailed with the hero of Sicily, who, upon meeting Victor Emmanuel, saluted him "King of Italy."

In this volume we look in vain for letters throwing light upon Cavour's private life at this time, but this was to be expected. From the day when he and Napoleon made their secret compact at Plombières until Bomba was expelled from Naples, Cavour's vast energy was directed to public affairs. Even during his months of seclusion, after the peace of Villafranca, his mind was too busy with Italy to allow him to write upon personal topics. He was, indeed, too busy to have confidences even for his most intimate friends. But, scattered through these letters, are occasional criticisms of his contemporaries, or reflections upon events, which make us regret that he had not time to devote himself to writing a chronicle of the great movement in which he was a chief actor. He calls Gladstone "the only statesman who has never sacrificed liberal and generous ideas to a mean patriotism, and to the prejudices of his own party." Of Gioberti, who dedicated his works to Cavour, he said: "Politically, although I have not always shared his opinions, although I have at times deplored a certain lack of practicalness, I have always admired in him the superior man, who, illumined by genius, knew how to indicate the only road that could lead our country to salvation." Again, he wrote to Buloz, editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*: "Please thank M. de Mazade for what he said pleasant about me in his last Review; assuring him that if I am really less revolutionary than the Clericals assert, I have not more taste for ministerial despotism, whatever they may say who do not understand the force one acquires when one sums up the sentiments and opinions of the great majority of the nation." Just before the outbreak of the Solferino campaign he wrote to E. d'Azeglio in these courtly terms about Massimo d'Azeglio: "He is, so to speak, the author and father of the Italian Question. His name exerts a great prestige. Several times the Emperor Napoleon, to persuade me, has cited passages from Azeglio's books. Count Walewski himself has sometimes invoked his authority to support his opinion. In England, Massimo is considered, so far as concerns the practical, infinitely superior to me."

#### SOME RECENT BOOKS ON GEOLOGY.

*A First Book in Geology*, designed for the Use of Beginners. By N. S. Shaler, S. D., Professor of Palaeontology in Harvard University. Pp. 328. Boston: Ginn, Heath & Co. 1884.

*The Student's Handbook of Physical Geology*. By A. J. Jukes-Browne, of the Geological Survey of England and Wales. Pp. 514. London: Geo. Bell & Sons; New York: Scribner & Welford. 1884.

*Geology and Mineral Resources of the James River Valley, Virginia, U. S. A.*, with Map and Geological Sections. By J. L. Campbell, LL.D., Professor of Geology and Mineralogy in Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va. Pp. 110. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

IN any scientific text-book for the use of school-children there should be as much of clear demonstrable fact and as little of theory as possible. It is also of the first importance that everything which purports to be a statement of fact should be made with the utmost care, excluding all that is doubtful or merely hypothetical. What children learn at an early age they are apt to retain most tenaciously, and errors thus early imbibed are almost sure to prove most mischievous in later education. Professor Shaler has recognized both of these principles in theory. "It will not do," he says, "to force such conceptions [referring to glacial hypotheses]; for the youthful mind is more impatient of an illy-demonstrated conclusion than the trained logician." Again, in speaking of Mercator's projections, he remarks: "The world will always be out of joint to a person who has had them impressed on his mind in youth." Unfortunately he has not borne these principles constantly in mind. His book is crowded with theory, which limitations of space compel him to demand shall be taken on faith. The nebular hypothesis, the theory of evolution, the mechanical theory of volcanoes, and many more, form a rather large proportion of "illy-demonstrated conclusions" in 250 small pages. Then, again, there are many statements which are either altogether inaccurate or at best very doubtful. We can mention only a few examples of what the book unhappily abounds in. On p. 99 the statement is gravely made that half the earth's heat comes from the fixed stars—a doctrine which the astronomers and physicists at present reject almost unanimously, yet which is here given to children as if no one could possibly question it. Less glaring examples are very frequent, as the statements that the edge of the continental platform is a shelf built by the tide, that there have certainly been many glacial periods, and much of the chapter on ocean currents.

In its biological portions the book is especially weak. The old classification is retained, ignoring all that zoologists have accomplished in the last half century. Sponges are put among the Protozoa, although their structure violates every item of the author's definition. The statement that sperm-whales are the degenerate descendants of bear-like forms should never be put in an elementary book, being something more than doubtful. Professor Shaler's way of dealing with evolution is singularly unhappy, as it constantly tends to the impression that animals advance in structure by consciously striving to improve their condition. On page 217 the scholar is told that pine trees first appeared in the Trias; in fact, they began in the Devonian, and were abundant in the Carboniferous forests. Fig. 103 purports to give the feet of *Tertiary* mammals, whereas all but one of the drawings refer to living animals—the tapir, rhinoceros, and bear. On the same page we find the remark that the feet of the early *Tertiary* ungulates "seem to be better fitted for tree-climbing than anything else," a

statement which is simply ludicrous. On page 117 the scholar is told that Niagara Falls are receding at the rate of four feet per century, on p. 204 that the rate is fifty feet per century.

These defects are the more to be deplored as the book contains much that is good. The descriptions of the simpler phenomena of rain, wind, etc., the chapters on sand, mud, and pebbles, as well as the directions to teachers, are excellent. But the erroneous and doubtful statements are so numerous that we fear the book will prove more mischievous than useful except in the hands of unusually careful and competent teachers.

Mr. Jukes-Browne has attempted to write a trustworthy handbook of physical geology on a different plan and of more modest pretensions than the text-books of Geikie and Green. On the whole he has succeeded admirably, and has produced a book that will be useful to teachers and students the world over. The plan followed is simpler and more logical than those of the admirable works of Geikie and Green already referred to, and to that degree better for beginners. The treatment is also excellent for the most part, the chapters on the influence of surface agencies and on petrology being among the best we have ever seen in a text-book. As is altogether proper in a book intended for use in Great Britain, most of the illustrations and examples are taken from those islands; but, following the lead of Dr. Geikie, the author has chosen material from the geologically known world, instead of adhering to the time-honored custom of his country of ignoring all other lands and the work of all but British geologists.

Mr. Jukes-Browne has not succeeded in producing a book without some defects. He gives no theory of volcanic action, and, strange to say, omits almost all mention of geysers. The chapter on igneous rocks, written by Professor Bonney, is not nearly so clear and well adapted to students' needs as the corresponding chapter in Green's book. Finally, Mr. Jukes-Browne has adopted some of Mr. Fisher's views on the physics of the earth's crust without sufficient critical examination. The figures are for the most part badly executed, and the restoration of *enerinites* (fig. 62 b) positively misleading. However, in spite of all these drawbacks, the book is a most useful one, and can be earnestly commended to American as well as English teachers.

Professor Campbell's work consists of a survey along the line of the Richmond and Allegheny R. R., undertaken to show the mineral resources, chiefly in iron ores, of the James River valley. The work seems to have been well and carefully done, and shows that this region is very rich in ores and may well become an important iron-producing district. Besides this the survey is a welcome addition to our knowledge of Virginian geology, and is accompanied by a good geological map.

*The Creoles of Louisiana*. By George W. Cable. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1884.

MR. CABLE has, in this work, provided a background of fact for the remarkable series of fictions by which he has given the Louisiana Creole a picturesque individuality in our complex American life. It was very fitting that the same hand which gave us the 'Grandissimes,' 'Old Creole Days,' 'Madame Delphine,' and 'Doctor Sevier,' should now round out and complete the work by a history of New Orleans and the adjacent territory, which form the habitat of the Creole. If we miss in it the former sense of discovery, of introduction to a new world within our own borders, the loss is due to Mr. Cable's thorough treatment of his subject in the dress of fiction. With this latest addition, we have a complete series, such as hardly any other foreign ele-

ment in American life possesses—a series of fictions, treated with consummate art, and illustrating the inner life of the Creole, together with an excellent historical development as a foundation. The only drawback to our satisfaction is the apprehension that the appearance of this work is an announcement that the field in which the author won his reputation is exhausted.

New Orleans has already proved inviting ground for historians, and has been a puzzle to all of them. It is not easy to see why Bienville pitched upon this spot in 1718 as the site of the chief city of Louisiana. A location only ten feet out of the water at the river bank, sloping rapidly away from it to the sea level, subject to almost yearly floods, and fully a hundred miles above the mouth of a river whose current seemed to be an almost insuperable barrier to vessels until steam navigation was introduced—what more unpromising location could have been suggested for a great commercial city? All subsequent history has vindicated the foresight of Bienville; New Orleans has as yet no dangerous rival among the more favorably located cities of the Southwest. Her disadvantages, and her struggles against them, have only made her history more attractive. The story of the settlement of Louisiana, of its Indian wars, of its vicissitudes under Ulloa, Aubry, and O'Reilly, of its transfer from France to Spain, from Spain back to France, and from France to the United States, is told again by Mr. Cable, without any striking novelty, but with a grace of statement which comes more naturally from him than from Gayarré, Martin, or any other Louisiana historians who have preceded him.

Mr. Cable has succeeded in giving his work a value of its own by holding it closely to the governing idea of the entire series. As a history of the Louisiana Creoles, and only incidentally of Louisiana or of New Orleans, it occupies a field in which it will not find a competitor. The mingled sluggishness and vivacity of the Creole, his fanatical devotion to personal liberty, as he has understood it, his hopeless inability to comprehend the Spanish and American systems under which he has been forced to live, and the influences which have so completely stranded this race on the shore of an alien civilization—all these are topics whose discussion is to the author a labor of love, and he has left little or nothing for any gleaner. It is an advantage to him that he adds race difference to his natural genius for analysis of character, so that he is both outside and inside of Creole life, while he has an unusual power, as all his readers know, of making his readers see things as clearly as he sees them. In the form of this work he has secured another advantage by retaining as an historian much of the vividness which is the privilege of the novelist. There are not many histories, for example, in which we can find such a word-painting as this description of Louisiana scenery:

"In the last hour of day these scenes are often illuminated with an extraordinary splendor. From the boughs of the dark, broad-spreading live-oak and the phantom-like arms of lofty cypresses, the long motionless pendants of pale, gray moss point down to their inverted images in the unruiled waters beneath them. Nothing breaks the widespread silence. The light of the declining sun at one moment brightens the tops of the cypresses, at another glows like a furnace behind their black branches, or, as the voyager reaches a western turn of the bayou, swings slowly round and broadens down in dazzling crimson and purples upon the mirror of the stream. Now and then, from out some hazy shadow, a heron, blue or white, takes silent flight, an alligator crossing the stream sends out long, tinted bars of widening ripple, or on some high, fire-blackened tree a flock of roosting vultures, silhouetted on the sky, linger with half-opened, unwilling wing, and flap away by ones and twos until the tree is bare."

Using all his advantages to the full, Mr. Cable

has given us an exceedingly attractive piece of work. There is, nevertheless, a feeling of shortcoming, if not of failure, as he approaches and reaches contemporary events, in his careful avoidance of some topics which perhaps required delicate handling, though his hand does not lack the necessary delicacy. Such earlier episodes as those of Jean Lafitte and the Barataria pirates are well told. Parton's assertions that Gen. Benjamin F. Butler purified New Orleans and banished cholera and yellow fever from it for the time of his supremacy there are flatly contradicted, and apparently with good reason. Why could not Mr. Cable have hazarded the story of reconstruction? Hahn and Warmoth, William Pitt Kellogg, and Percy Bysshe Shelley Pinchback, embalmed to immortality in his pages, would have been a most valuable social authority to the future historian. Mr. Cable has, perhaps wisely, avoided such topics; and, as a history of New Orleans since 1861, the work is worthless. As a history of New Orleans down to 1861, it is useful and valuable. As a history of the Louisiana Creoles, it is unique and of the highest interest and importance.

It is to be regretted that the publishers have disfigured the book by giving it a binding which is a cross between the covers of the Bodley series and a severe attack of erysipelas. The intending purchaser will find the inside far better than the outside.

*Letters of the Rev. J. B. Mozley, D.D.* Edited by his Sister. E. P. Dutton & Co. 1885.

THE Oxford movement must be regarded as the purest religious revival of the century. It was involved somewhat intricately with matters distinctly intellectual, with questions of history, exegesis, evidence, and the whole varied region of the logic of theology; but at the core, especially if attention be fixed on the development of its great leader's character, it was a thing of the spirit. The memorials of those most closely engaged in it have thus an interest outside of the church circles to which they are more particularly addressed, and are a subject of intellectual curiosity, at least, to all who take pains to observe religious phenomena merely as such. Doctor Mozley, whose letters from boyhood to old age are published in this volume, was one of the inner circle whose members were affectionately bound to Newman; he was, in fact, his protégé, a faithful disciple, a son of his genius. The letters written under the influence of such a master at the time of exciting and now historic events, might be expected to throw light on the course of the movement, and to reveal its spirit with more certainty and clearness and warmth than any reminiscences such as Doctor Mozley's brother published some three years ago. This is by no means the case. The substance of the correspondence consists of the practical details, the external facts, what we should call the agitation. Of the religious experience and ardor which were the secret of Newman's personal power, and which one would think his young disciples ought to have shared to some extent, there is no positive sign. Throughout the whole volume, too, this is the general character of the letters; they are about affairs, not about thought, and although toward the end there is occasionally something intellectual, something of more interest than elections, examinations, gatherings of the black and red gowns, dinners, editorial perplexities, and the like, yet the correspondence, as a whole, concerns practical matters, such as made the staple of conversation at a table of Oxford fellows.

This is of itself not without significance. It has been remarked by some writer whose name escapes our memory, that the Tractarian move-

ment was twin in high life to the Wesleyan revival in low life. There is some truth in the comparison made; and it brings out, by the fact that Newman came so long after Wesley and that as a propagandist he failed, the extraordinary immovability of thought and conscience in the mass of the clergy of the English Church and those nearest to them socially. Doctor Mozley writes in reference to George Eliot's delineations in 'Middlemarch': "I think her enmity to the middle classes must be partly from the fixity of their belief—being the class of all society least open to the disturbing force of new ideas, whether of belief or morals." He would not have put himself among these unchanging bondmen of the commonplace, but he nevertheless illustrates that fixity, not of belief but of nature and tradition, which has preserved England not only from the "red fool-fury of the Seine," but from the pietism of the Tiber. He had from a child the traits of his countrymen—a little slow, a little irascible, more than a little jealous for his individuality; but, in particular, he had a practical bent. He passed under the strong, direct, affectionate influence of a great spiritualist, and became one of the implicitly-trusted few, the recognized band that was to guard and spread the faith; and when the great division came, he parted from Newman and he diverged from the Puseyites. At the end he became an Oxford professor, and published volumes whose distinctive characteristic is the intellectual force of their theologizing, not any purity or insight or depth of spirit. The power exhibited is mentally the same shown in the administration say of a college; it is not religious power at all. The character of his own intelligence, its definiteness, grasp, and certainty, is hinted by his remark on Maurice: "Maurice, as I said, gives soirées which are generally attended by some twenty of the younger clergy. He sits at a table with a Bible, and is asked questions upon difficulties, etc. His general line is to resolve everything into vagueness." The tone is plainly one of tolerant and amused scorn. Perhaps Maurice was nearer of the two to Newman in his original religious endowment. But with such minds as Mozley's (with a tendency to drowsiness under sermons, we are told), so essentially practical that his letters through a lifetime show, speaking broadly, neither habitual devoutness nor ready and apprehensive intelligence except for logical distinctions—with such minds as Mozley's, we say, for the most promising converts in the leadership of a great spiritual revival, how could Newman find any other fate than the isolation of a rejected and sterile prophet? We mean no disrespect to Mozley's character: both in heart and brain he was of the kind called sterling; but he was not of the stuff to continue the work of a St. Francis or St. Dominic. He was merely typical, and is so referred to here; there was not in England any material for a Newman brotherhood. In going to Rome, Newman forfeited his peculiar mission—he was lost in the institution; but such a volume as this makes it clear that he was fleeing from a wilderness and solitude into the retreat of peace.

*La Navarre Française.* Par M. G. B. de Lagrèze. 2 vols., 8vo. Paris, à l'Imprimerie Nationale. 1881-2. Firmin-Didot.

THIS is one of the books which we rarely receive except from France—works which present the results of conscientious research, clearly and systematically arranged, with due attention to literary form. Tireless investigation among mouldy archives and dusty MSS. has not dulled the animation of the writer, and his book is fresh not only in material, but in manner.

The subject is one of rare interest, not only for the historian, but for the student of constitution-



al history, of legislation, and of social organization. Into this little kingdom, nestling between sea and mountain, there has drifted a strange admixture of races. There alone the primitive Iberian has preserved the purity of his blood and speech among the successive waves of Celtic, Roman, Gothic, Frankish, and Saracenic conquest, each of which has left its residuum behind. There first was constitutional monarchy discovered and established on so firm a basis of popular liberty that, in an age of despotism, the Navarrese could dare say to the most splendid despot of the time, Louis XIV.: "Chez nous le roi n'est que la créature de ses sujets." There, too, were tried experiments in jurisprudence so varied that not only had the kingdom its general *fuero* or body of customary law, but each town claimed the right to its own *fuero*, and even certain old houses enjoyed until '89 the privilege of special laws. As a Basque proverb says, "Each country has its laws and each house its customs." Such a body of legislation, running back to the *Fuero Juzgo*, or Romance version of the Gothic Code, cannot but contain much that is of the highest interest in illustrating the development of European institutions, the progress of civilization, and the history of morals and manners.

Accordingly, although M. de Lagrèze's first volume is attractive in its presentation of the geography, anthropology, and history of Navarre, it is to the second that the student will turn with greater eagerness, for there he will find the results of original researches into documents and charters, mostly unpublished, giving us a fairly complete picture of Navarrese institutions at successive epochs. The author has not contented himself with merely printing the documents: he has analyzed and coordinated them and arranged their provisions systematically, so that on any given subject we have all accessible information grouped together and presented clearly and succinctly. Thus there is a large amount of curious material brought before us which will well repay the investigator of politics and of sociology.

Turning, for instance, to the chapter on marriage, we meet with conditions wholly unexpected in mediæval Christendom. To the law, wedlock is simply a civil contract: the Church has nothing to do with it, no sacrament is required to give it validity, nor are the questions connected with it subject to the spiritual courts. A simple declaration in the presence of witnesses suffices; but, as in other contracts of the period, both parties give security for the faithful performance of the engagement entered into. Like other contracts, moreover, it can be broken, and a divorce obtained simply by paying a legal fine to the seigneur. There are traces, also, of the prehistoric custom of purchasing wives, in the payment made by the groom to the parents of the bride; while perhaps a survival of polygamy may be indicated in the custom by which the husband was not bound to fidelity beyond the confines of the town in which the couple resided. Other regulations of extreme crudity show to how late a period barbarism continued to dictate the relations between the sexes. It was not until the twelfth century was near its end that the Church made a serious endeavor to control the conditions and the celebration of matrimony. The struggle was long. At length it succeeded, when we find the payment for a bride replaced by the dower which she was expected to bring her husband, together with a *trousseau* the details of which were carefully prescribed.

Thus are passed successively in review all the leading features of civil and criminal law on which the structure of human society is based. As might be expected, much that is quaint and peculiar manifests itself in a jurisprudence which, as in that of all uncultivated peoples, is not con-

tent with laying down general principles, but seeks to provide for every special case. We may conclude with an illustration of the symbolical punishments so dear to the mediæval sense of justice. The penalty for the stealing of a cat directs the owner to tie around its neck a cord the length of the outspread hand, attaching the other end to a nail fixed in the ground, in the centre of a level space of which the circumference was nine times the length of the cord. The culprit was then obliged to cover the cat completely with newly-ground meal, which was divided in due proportion between the seigneur justicier and the cat-owner. If, however, the offender was too poor to furnish the meal, then the cat was suspended by a cord around his neck on his naked shoulders, and was smartly struck to incite it to lacerate him with claws and teeth.

*A Skeleton Outline of Greek History.* By Evelyn Abbott, M.D., LL.D.—*A Skeleton Outline of Roman History.* By P. E. Matheson, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

THESE skeleton outlines are in every way admirable compilations. Mr. Abbott's book (upon Greece), besides a very full chronology, contains tables of kings, an account of the calendar, and excellent sketches of the constitutions of Athens and Lacedæmon. We notice that he considers (p. 151) the four tribes and the three classes of Athens to have alike embraced the whole body of the citizens. We incline, on the other hand, with Curtius, to regard the *Eupatrides* as consisting of all the members of the four Ionic tribes (being thus the equivalent of the Roman patricians), the *Geomori* and *Demiurgi* being the citizens of later origin, like the Roman plebeians. Mr. Matheson's book is exclusively a chronology: we wish very much that he had made it as large as Mr. Abbott's by the addition of a sketch of the Roman Constitution, for his brief notes show that he understands the subject. Even as it is, it will be found a very useful guide in the study of the Roman Constitution.

#### BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

- Arnold, I. N. *The Life of Abraham Lincoln.* Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. \$2.50.  
 Blind, Mathilde. *Tarantella: a Romance.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.50.  
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## Fine Arts.

### THE WATTS EXHIBITION.—IV.

AN eminent characteristic of the art of Mr. Watts, as of that of all the really great artists (as opposed to painting naturalists), is the possession as supreme quality of what artists call, with a kind of significance that belongs to technical terms, "keeping," and for which no other single word that we know is an exact equivalent. Every work of a truly creative artist is an organic whole—you feel it altogether or not at all, and the student who attempts to attack it in its details to find out what it is, is in the same maze as an anatomist who should attempt to investigate the principle of vitality by the dissection of a dead hand. Owing to the inherent insufficiency of all the appliances of art, as well as to the limitations of human life and labor, no work of the painter can be carried to completion in all its parts to the extent of making each part a perfect thing. It is difficult to explain the reasons for this to those who are not acquainted with great art in an intimate degree, but it probably lies in the fact that a painter of the true synthetic temper studies everything he does as a whole, and makes it a whole, and complete as such, from its very earliest stages. We remember to have heard Th. Rousseau say, that "if your picture is not complete in the first five strokes of the pencil, it never will be complete"; and another side of the matter is presented in a saying of Eugène Delacroix, that he "had painted that hand [in one of his pictures] four times, and when it was painted the best it was the worst"—i. e., when it was best as a study of a hand it was incongruous with the picture as a whole. And it is invariably true that if a work of art invites attention and admiration for the beauty or fidelity of certain details, it will be found destitute of "keeping," and will not make the impression as a complete work which it ought; and vice versa, of a complete work, the details will not be felt.

No better instances among modern work can be found of the extremes of this general truth than the pictures of Bouguereau and J. F. Millet; the first owing all their charm to qualities of detail, the second none to detail, but all to the unity of impression, the perfect spontaneousness, the harmony of lines and the subordination of masses. The analogies between the sister arts of painting and music fail us entirely here: music presents its parts to us successively—each chord is made perfect as it is struck, and each movement has a certain completeness in itself, at least so far that it can be followed and judged partially, and the general impression is one of memory in part. Nobody but a mere phraser will pretend to a separate completeness of a movement or part of the complete work, and no true harmonist will attempt to give such completeness, nor can a work be judged as a whole until it is all heard. The same interdependence is true of painting; but in the picture it is the completeness of the work which first strikes the intelligent student, and only a jarring tint or form would divert his attention; in the latter case the impression is one of simultaneity, in the former of consecutiveness. Of course no analogy of this kind can be perfectly followed out; somewhere we find that each art is a fragment of a great circle, and the gap remains to be filled by theory, if at all—missing links are not infrequent.

But a picture can no more be judged by a part than a symphony, for, as in Delacroix's case, the incompleteness of a detail may be, in fact often is, in great practice, indispensable to the unity of the whole; and this, we venture to believe, will be felt most strongly in the case of Mr. Watts's pictures, as the essentially vulgar and trivial nature of those of his

antithesis, Bouguereau, will be felt in his admirably painted detail, which leaves no impression of the vital qualities of art. Take, for instance, Mr. Watts's No. 119, "The Rider on the Red Horse," which we regard as the most satisfactory of the color compositions in the collection (although not as a study of other qualities superior to several others), and of which, often as we have seen it with intense delight, we can recall no detail save the two points of color on which the whole arrangement turns—the flame-colored plume on the horse's head, and the steely glint of the half-drawn sword; the latter animating the entire composition, and relieving the fervidly warm glow of the whole by a weird unexpectedness, as a sudden partial discord might heighten a movement, in full harmony, of music. The red is the key of the color of the picture, the tempered blue its anti-climax. We select this especially as the example of "keeping" in color, as we do the "Paolo and Francesca" for composition of masses, because, in the former, color is dominant in its impressiveness, as the movement and swing of the floating figures swept by on the wind of the Inferno are in the latter. And the scheme of color in the two varies as does the theme. Note, again, the power of the strange green of the quiver of the horseman in No. 124, the "Rider on the White Horse" of the Revelation, amidst the gleaming colors of the attendant figures, like notes of martial music. Then another in the same series, the "Rider on the Black Horse," is in the most sombre scheme of color consistent with color in the truest sense of the term, so that the wan yellow of the rider's sleeve and the gleam of blue gray in the sky seem to be positive colors; yet there is not a passage of absolute blackness, *i. e.*, colorlessness, in the picture. Then as an utter change, as complete as if another painter had done it, turn to the "Bianca," No. 101, a bit of brilliant blonde flesh and blood, with a power of color which reminds one of Rubens, and as vivacious and substantial as need be; though we prefer Watts's color when most his own and reminding us least of any other painter.

And in this respect, as well as for the study of "keeping" in execution—*i. e.*, the carrying *pari passu* of all parts of the picture toward that degree of finish which the painter judges fitting to his subject (in his own subject-pictures most elaborate in the least dignified subjects, *e. g.*, the dove picture, No. 136; while the more imaginative and loftier demand less, or even permit, any approach to realistic painting)—we shall find those of the pictures which are in an unfinished state giving their part of the value of the exhibition, while the

"Paolo and Francesca" gives the full measure of realization which the artist thinks admissible in a subject which has all its value in the completeness and unity of its impression. And he shows throughout that determined avoidance of the display of facility which is nearly always characteristic of artists of the intellectual type, a contempt of the facile which it seems to us he carries in some cases, as in the "Love and Life," further than the subject demands—we should have been glad to see the Life carried further into the realm of realism, not like a nymph of Bouguereau, but nearer to solidity. That it was the artist's deliberate intention, however, to stop far short of this is clear, because he has shown elsewhere that he can paint flesh magnificently; but it is a question which the artist alone can determine, in what terms he shall express his ideas, and what compromise, if any, he shall establish between Art and Nature; and there is no doubt that a natural and explicable revolt against popular modes of execution has made Mr. Watts more determined than he would have been in other surroundings to avoid any appearance of leaning to them, even at the risk of a dryness which no one but an artist would entirely sympathize with.

Before leaving this subject of the harmonies we would note the "Diana and Endymion," which, in its lines and the disposition of its masses, reminds us of a Greek relief. The movement of the Diana, floating in the air, imponderable in spite of all its solid forms, is most remarkable. Kenyon Cox, in a recent admirable letter to the *Critic*, in alluding to Watts's drawing, says, "If he cannot draw as correctly as Gérôme, he can compose the lines of a figure much as Tintoretto might have done it," and this quality shows the nature of Watts's art just as his avoidance of Bouguereau's standard of execution does. He does not believe in the use of the model which Gérôme makes, nor could he ever have attained the quality of line which Mr. Cox rightly credits him with, if he had tried to find it in the model. Gérôme, or any other artist of his training and powers, would as vainly attempt to find the lines of the Diana or of the Paolo and Francesca by this method as they would those of the Lady of Beauty of Milo. It is a kind of drawing not to be got from the model, but from the kind of knowledge which is born of the pursuit of the ideal by the *aid of*, but not *in*, the model; and this is true of Millet's "Sower" and "Gleaner," as of the "Diana" and "Francesca," as it is true of all the great Greek work. Mr. Watts may be unable to draw a good academic figure—as to this we cannot speak, never having seen an attempt of his to do so—but that

any attempt to do so in such pictures as these we mention, in the Orpheus, the Ariadne, the Eve pictures, and others of their type, would have been entirely destructive of the unity of his pictures, we are confident. Even in Greek sculpture this academic fidelity was never attained until the decline of art and the loss of the ideal faculties.

Mr. Cox has also said wisely of the allegory of those pictures, "It is not that that is the picture; it is rather a peg to hang the picture on." We must judge them as art, not as literature. But this is equally true, that to an artist of strong literary qualities, which Mr. Watts is, an intellectual theme may be the life-giving germ which his highest artistic faculties shall be enlisted to give form to—not merely the peg to hang the picture on; but in any case we judge the picture as such only. The good allegory of a bad painter has no value—if to a good painter it suggests a noble picture, it has done all that any theme can do. And one thing is certain, that no history, as history, or actual life as actuality, can be stated in terms of ideal art: the idealist, to find perfect liberty of treatment, goes to mythology—to classical life—to allegory—to absolute invention, if he is capable of it; anywhere out of the range and limitation of the actual, and the life of which we know the details and accessories. When we hear a critic decry the art which has no modern sympathies, and demand that it find its inspiration in the tubular-tile and straight-jacket garb of contemporary civilization, and maugher against "mediævalism" and heathen mythology, we may at once understand that he knows nothing of pure art or its relations to the ideal, and that he is not sufficiently advanced in study to distinguish between the peg and the art that is hung on it. The highest art is only found in perfect liberty, and that is very rarely consistent with contemporary subject.

Visitors to the Watts Exhibition will find the special catalogue with Mrs. Barrington's record of Watts's ideas on art a most useful guide in the exhibition. It is true, as Mr. Cox has said, that "whatever can be put into a catalogue is not the real subject of any picture worth painting"; but what an artist thinks concerning the subject of his own art, of his own pictures, or of the themes which suggested them, is always of interest to the genuine student of art. The museum authorities having refused to publish Mrs. Barrington's catalogue, the Committee to whom we are indebted for the exhibition has undertaken it at its own expense. The profits, if any, will go to meet the expenses of getting the pictures out and home again.

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